Américas

Doctors and laymen fight

THE BATTLE FOR YOUR HEART

Fine wines

FROM CHILEAN VINEYARDS

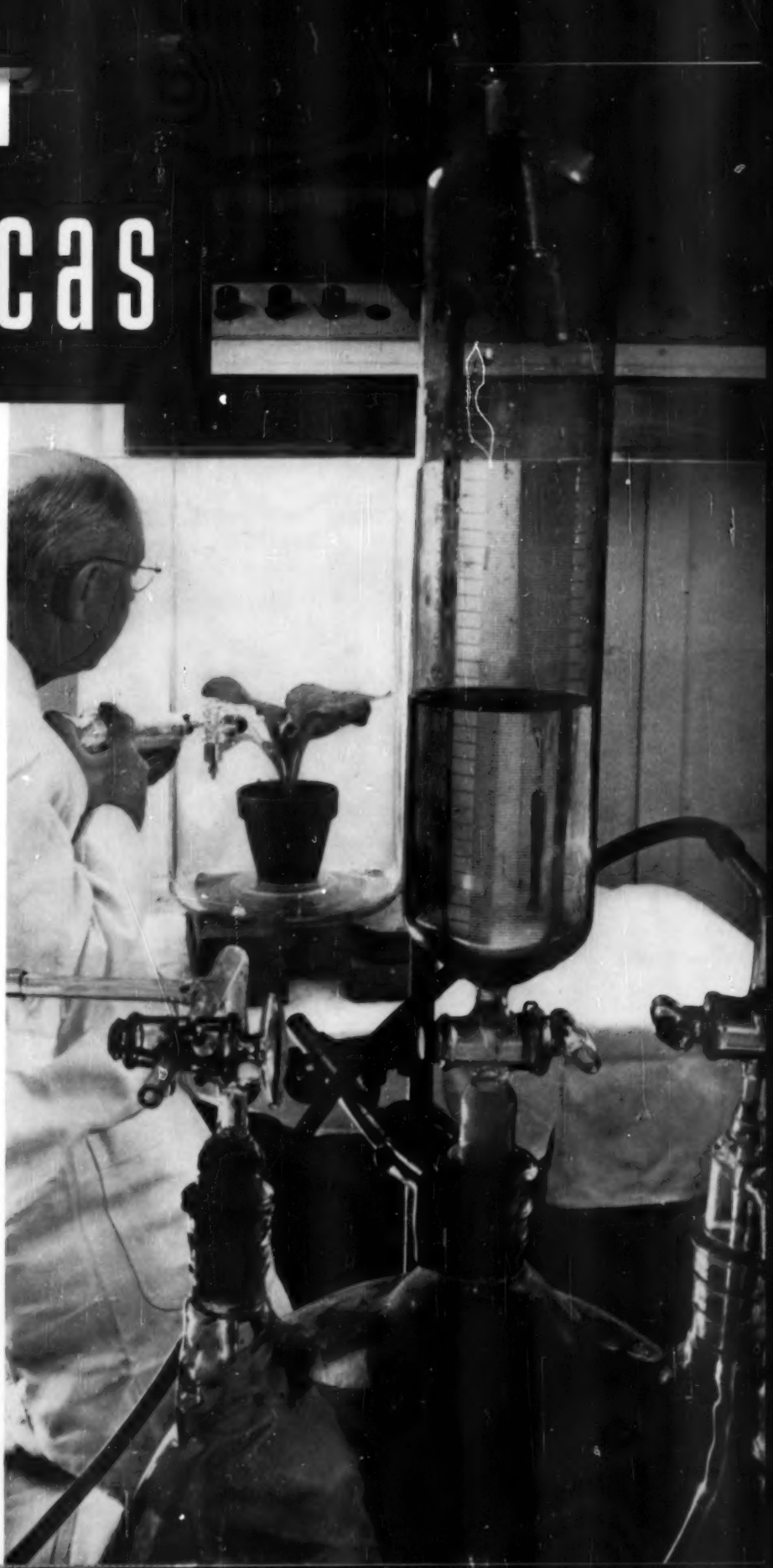
Eric Larrabee discusses Frederick Lewis Allen,

THE MAN BEHIND HARPER'S

WHO'S CRAZY?

A short story by Ermilo Abreu Gómez

25 cents



"Tracer" digitalis for treating heart trouble is extracted from foxglove leaves fed on radioactive carbon dioxide (see page 3)



Américas

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Opposite: Cat, *by Julio Rosado del Valle of Puerto Rico*

Dear Reader

What is the OAS? That is a question frequently heard throughout the Spanish American countries, and even people who know how to read and write ask it. Some journalists attribute miraculous powers to the OAS, regarding it as a panacea. If, for example, there is a bad government or crime takes on disturbing proportions in one or another country in the Hemisphere, those newspapermen sound the alarm and ask why the OAS does not intervene. One time a citizen of El Salvador, a fervent propagandist for the idea of a Central American union, telephoned to ask me to introduce a motion in the OAS Council to hasten the amalgamation of the Central American republics; another time I received a telegram from Mexico City urging me, as the representative of Honduras to the OAS, to ask the Organization to halt the events that culminated in the fall of the Arbenz regime in Guatemala.

Many people in the United States and in Spanish America have never read the Bogotá Charter—signed by all the countries in this Hemisphere—which was what gave life to the OAS.

It is painful to recognize that many people not included in the alarming number of illiterates are not really acquainted with the Organization of American States. And this despite the fact that OAS publications are constantly appearing to define its concerns, its duties, and its activities, and although various scholars who support it have given lectures to orient the public as to the transcendent importance of an institution that works ardently along with others to defend the juridical and cultural values of America—an institution, moreover, that has already demonstrated its efficacy.

Alfonso Reyes, one of the eminent Mexicans, remarked to me when we were discussing the work of UNESCO: "Many believe that it was established to solve all human problems, and that it has Pandora's box in its power, when it is actually no more than a little portable kitchen that is set up in each country to do its part in the service of science, education, and culture."

Fortunately, the Organization of American States is up and doing, with the optimism that brought it into existence and that is its reason for being, continually working for the unity and grandeur of this Hemisphere and for the building of human wealth under the auspices of justice, freedom, and culture.

That is the America dreamed of by its precursors: Thomas Jefferson, Melchor de Talamantes, José Cecilio del Valle, Simón Bolívar, and Thomas Paine. An ever-improving America, enriching the values of Western man and pre-Columbian man, worthy of itself, always on the march toward a better future.

Rafael Heliodoro Valle
Ambassador of Honduras to the United States and the OAS

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

TECHNICAL COOPERATION AT RIO

Because agreement is less spectacular than conflict, unanimous decisions taken at the December inter-American economic meeting in Rio failed to make news. Nevertheless, such non-controversial items on the agenda as those dealing with technical cooperation, passed without fanfare by the Ministers of Finance or Economy, hold enormous significance for the future. It is worth noting, for example, that technical cooperation as a concept no longer provokes debate, but has become an accepted activity for international organizations. The resolutions at Rio therefore dealt more with procedure than with policy.

Whose Technical Assistance?

By now there are so many technical services available to underdeveloped countries that it is possible to choose with much more discrimination the source that is best suited to a given need and that will in the long run add up to a permanent gain for a nation's social and economic well-being. Although exchange of skills and techniques has been under way for years under such private sponsorship as the Rockefeller, Guggenheim, and Kellogg Foundations and Protestant and Catholic missions, official government programs of mutual aid have shaped up only since World War II. Some programs have been bilateral—country to country—as with the famous U. S. Point Four program, and others multilateral, like those of the Organization of American States, the United Nations, and the "Colombo" nations.

To make technical cooperation more effective, the Ministers in Rio asked the Inter-American Economic and Social Council first to investigate the usefulness of all programs and secondly to help the American countries obtain the assistance they need.

What the OAS Offers

Although a modest program, financially speaking, the OAS Program of Technical Cooperation was designed to be a strong driving force with wide influence. Concentrating on the training of technicians, the program has created a number of training centers, staffed them with competent faculties recruited from all over the Americas, and brought students from each American country on OAS fellowships.

To date technical training has been offered at advanced levels, as in the inter-American rural normal school at Rubio, Venezuela; consultation service has been offered to governments on request, as when the housing center in Bogotá sends regional representatives to advise on city planning; and applied research has been carried out, as when the aftosa center advises the various countries on control programs in the campaign against foot-and-mouth disease. Other activities have embraced agricultural extension work, research on local building materials (such as bamboo in Colombia), cooperatives, statistics, and child welfare.

At the moment the OAS is sponsoring the following projects throughout the Hemisphere:

Project 10: A statistical training center in Santiago, Chile
Project 22: A housing training and research center in Bogotá, Colombia
Project 26: An inter-American rural normal school in Rubio, Venezuela
Project 29: A center for training in the evaluation of natural resources in Brazil
Project 32: A training project in administration of children's services—nutrition, day nurseries, and so on
Project 39: Agricultural training centers in Cuba, Peru, and Uruguay, with headquarters in Costa Rica
Project 77: A foot-and-mouth-disease center in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

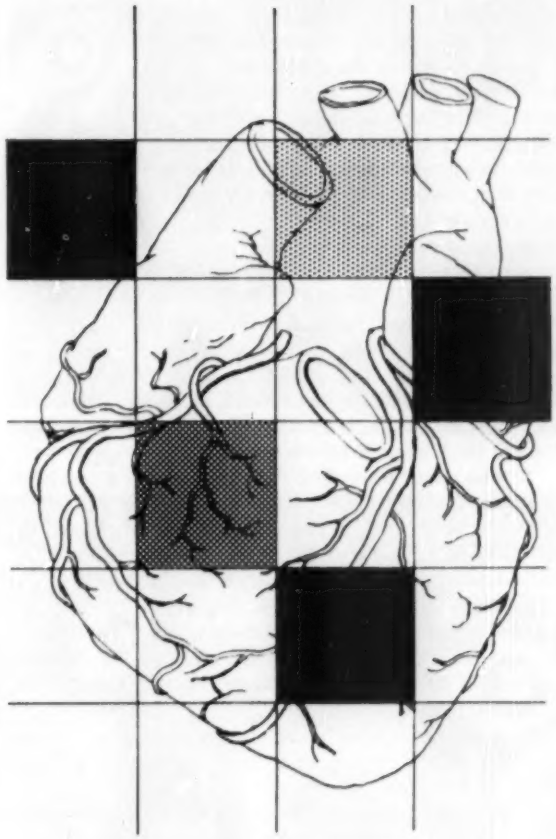
Footing the Bill

From the beginning the OAS Technical Cooperation Program was beset by those financial problems that are inevitable with any new international scheme too young to furnish criteria for future planning. The chief stickler was trying to support long-term activities with short-term budgets, for the program has always been financed by voluntary contributions from the member states on an annual basis. Thus planners had to work out next year's program without any idea of how much money they could count on. The Ministers in Rio agreed to set up a new system of financing, starting in 1956, in order to put the program on a businesslike basis. This means that the budget will probably be prorated among member states, so as to guarantee a continuous flow of income in amounts that can be determined in advance.

OAS member countries took advantage of the Rio meeting to assure a stable fiscal operation for their 1955 program by offering their contributions then and there. Twenty of the twenty-one states made specific commitments, some upping their ante substantially over previous years. Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, the United States, and Venezuela, for instance, together boosted their pledges by more than 40 per cent. This brought the total to an all-time high of $1,970,000, covering the proposed program budget of $1,800,000 for continuation of present projects. This is the way contributions stacked up previously in the four-year-old program:

1951—$1,264,050
1952— 1,081,900
1953— 1,217,988
1954— 1,430,893

With this 38 per cent increase in income for 1955, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council can consider branching out into new fields, particularly in industrial technology, for which there is a crying need in most Latin American countries to keep pace with the rapid industrialization. The Economic Ministers laid special emphasis at Rio on raw materials, urging more training, consultation, and research to spark discovery, evaluation, and utilization of natural resources.



the battle for your HEART

science struggles against the deadliest onslaught of modern times

Lillian L. de Tagle

THE WHOLE NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY in Washington seemed to throb in a curious rhythm. At first it was difficult to tell where the strange beat came from. It seemed as secretive and as irresistible as a whisper. *Ta-ta-tum, ta-ta-tum.* I faced to the right and had taken only a few steps when the sound stopped. As I turned away, the obsessive cadence resumed. In a cubicle lined with dark red felt several people were absorbed in reading pamphlets while others bent over a square box about five feet high and two and a half feet wide. An attendant explained: "You have just heard the 'gallop' rhythm. This modified juke box plays records especially prepared to teach medical students to recognize the various cardiac abnormalities."

Talking with some of the doctors attending this Second World Congress of Cardiology last September, I heard them praise the practical achievements of this device in medical education. The machines are priced at $250 and come with twenty records of abnormal heartbeats that can be played at either ninety or forty revolutions per minute, to help the student catch every nuance. An automatic register indicates the number of times each record is played, so that the teacher can find out which are proving most troublesome to the students and give them more attention or try to improve those recordings.

At another, larger booth nearby, several people sitting in semidarkness appeared to be watching a puppet show. But the characters looked like red and green snakes moving across a black screen. Behind my seat I found a pair of earphones. When I put them on I again heard a persistent beating, and noticed that it matched the pattern traced on the screen, while a voice explained what was going on.

This congress, which attracted more than two thousand

doctors from forty-eight countries, was sponsored by the International Society of Cardiology and the American Heart Association. During the opening banquet, Vice President Nixon emphasized the importance of continuing the fight against "the number one killer of mankind." He noted that in the preceding eighteen months eight members of the United States Senate had died, six of them from heart ailments. Three of the victims were over seventy and the others in their fifties. "That proves," he concluded, "that heart disease knows no age." The statistics on rheumatic fever, which does so much damage to young people all over the world, bear him out. Among the ten million people in the United States who suffer from some kind of heart trouble, it is estimated that five hundred thousand are children between the ages of seven and sixteen. Among young patients, heart conditions are especially serious. One third of the deaths from heart disease come before age sixty-five, when the individual is at the height of his productive capacity. The economic loss from this cause is calculated in billions of dollars a year, to say nothing of the personal tragedy involved. Add to this the fact that some eight hundred thousand people—half of those who die in the United States in a year—are victims of cardiac or cardiovascular conditions, and you realize the necessity for awakening the public's awareness to the threat. In the United States this class of diseases accounts for twice the combined toll from cancer, accidents, pneumonia, diabetes, and tuberculosis.

The National Guard Armory is an enormous building, with central floor space bigger than Madison Square Garden's. Every year international automobile shows, jazz festivals, all kinds of conventions, and track meets are held there. Now the area was partitioned off to provide three meeting rooms, each with a capacity of several hundred people and equipment for movie projection and simultaneous interpretation. The rest of the hall was occupied by stands for dealers and research men. While the former displayed their products, the latter demonstrated their latest findings.

I noticed a showcase exhibiting historic books on cardiology, including a volume in Latin dating from 1484. Just then I heard someone remark, "As I say, I wouldn't be surprised. One of these days they will exchange a sick heart for a strong, healthy one. After seeing all the advances demonstrated here, how could you doubt it?" Turning around, I recognized Dr. Ignacio Chávez, director of the Mexican National Institute of Cardiology—the first of its kind in the world—which he established ten years ago. He is also a founder and honorary president of the Inter-American Society of Cardiology and second vice president of the International Society of Cardiology. I asked Dr. Chávez if he was joking.

"It's no joke," he replied. "The insertion of a new heart is already within the realm of possibility."

The Mexican institute concentrates on research, and has only 150 beds, reserved for special cases to be studied. As in most countries, heart ailments are the most frequent single cause of death in Mexico. "It may be that in some tropical regions malaria or intestinal infections and tuberculosis show higher mortality rates, but in the world in general, heart conditions are at the top of the list," Dr. Chávez explained.

I asked him whether he was a surgeon. "No," he answered with a smile, "I have never performed an operation. God save my patients from my knife."

I saw approaching Dr. Eduardo Braun-Menéndez, director of the Institute of Biology and Experimental Medicine in Buenos Aires, in animated conversation with Dr.

Delegates to Second World Congress of Cardiology, held in Washington last September, pause to compare notes and exchange ideas





Scientists and laymen alike took keen interest in countless exhibits and models. Shown here, Dr. Hernán Alessandri of Chile

International Society of Cardiology and professor at the University of Chile Medical School. With him were other Chilean delegates, including Professor Francisco Rojas, president of the Chilean Cardiology Society, and Doctors del Fierro and Otto Herrman, a specialist in peripheral vascular diseases.

All agreed that the advances in cardiac surgery demonstrated by the various investigators were sensational. In contrast, other problems still held the challenge of the unknown—for example, the treatment of high blood pressure. The doubts that trouble the various schools of thought were all voiced in the symposium on the subject, which Dr. Herrman followed with deep interest. The greatest authorities on the subject, including the Americans Allen, Perera, and Page; Biörck of Sweden; Smirk of New Zealand; and Braun-Menéndez of Argentina, the chairman, debated ways of treating and preventing hypertension without reaching any general conclusion.



Author interviews Argentine Drs. Eduardo Braun-Menéndez and Rodolfo Kreutzer; both noted progress in "blue baby" treatments



Dr. Ignacio Chávez of Mexico believes insertion of new heart already within realm of possibility

Rodolfo Oscar Kreutzer, delegate of the Argentine Cardiology Society.

"This is superhuman!" exclaimed Dr. Kreutzer.

"The congress?"

"No, what we have just witnessed, the symposium led by Dr. Walton Lillehei of Minneapolis. The pictures of the operation to correct the Fallot tetralogy [the condition responsible for "blue babies"] are positively astonishing. The progress in cardiovascular surgery seems superhuman."

"I got the impression of entering a wonderland on our visit to the National Institute of Cardiology," added Dr. Braun-Menéndez.

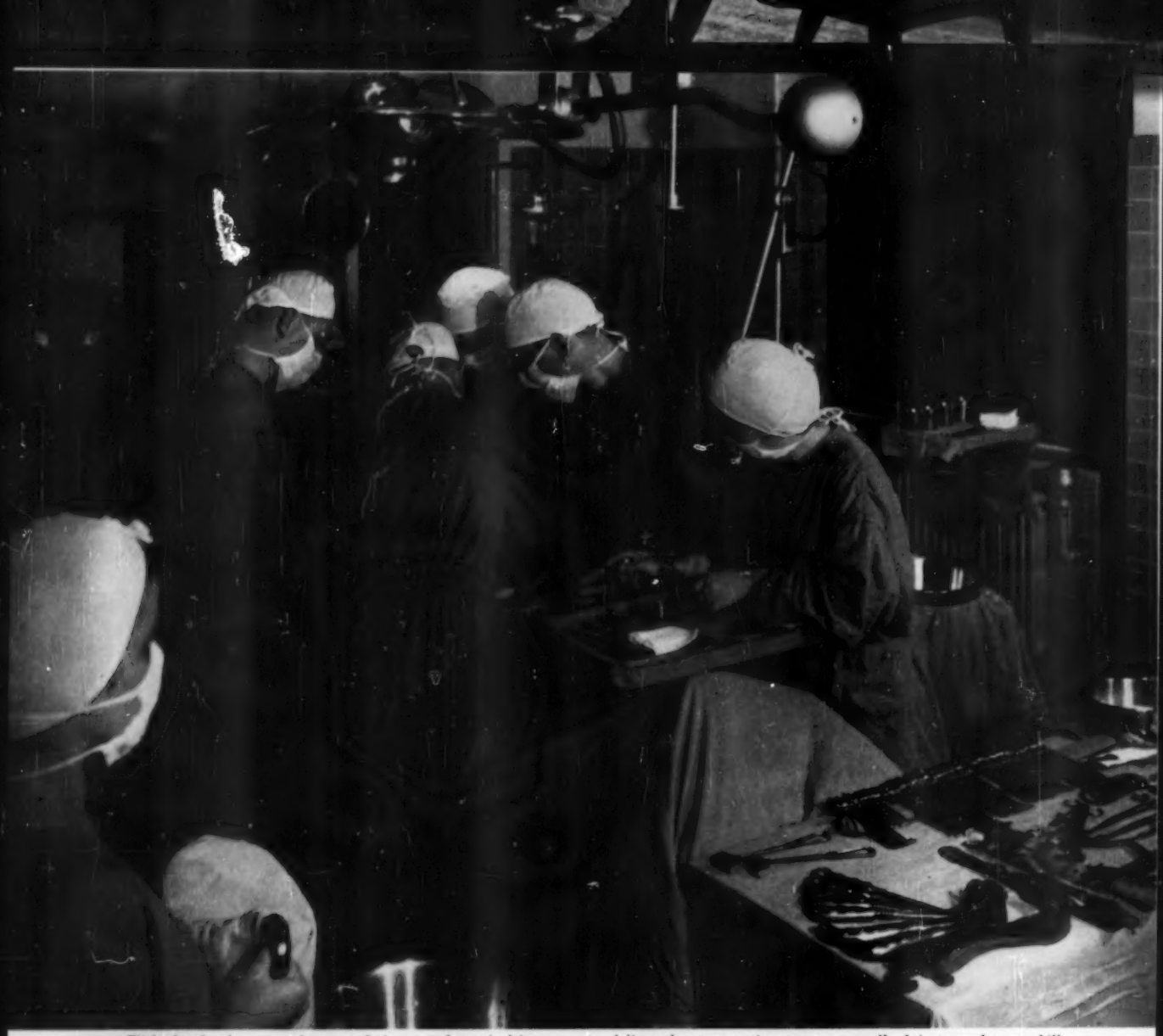
Dr. Kreutzer joined in his companion's enthusiasm with exuberant gestures, and steered him toward a group of European delegates who were poring over an intricate set of electrocardiograms.

In the section devoted to European and American surgical instruments, another group of doctors examined the delicate knives, pincers, and forceps. I recognized Dr. Hernán Alessandri of Chile, former director of the

Dr. Alessandri seemed especially enthusiastic about the possibilities offered by electronic exploration. To a question about the relative superiority of European or American systems he replied: "Science marches hand in hand all over the world today. Scientific journals keep everyone informed of any advance anywhere. We can only say that we have this one advantage in America: the lack of traditions permits us to penetrate any field without hesitation."

During the congress, Interlingua, a new language, was used for the first time in abstracts of scientific papers. The general reaction seemed to be that it produced more confusion than anything else, but it is still thought that it may prove useful in scientific communication.

As reported to the congress, research carried out by cardiologists all over the world produced certain conclusions: air travel does not involve risks for people with heart ailments; Warfarin, used to kill rats, has anticoagulative properties and can be used in the treatment of certain human ailments; cortisone increases the action of digitalin; tobacco can cause a heart allergy that may lead to arhythmic beating, strong pains similar to those of



With the development of new techniques and surgical instruments, delicate heart operations may eventually defeat number one killer

angina pectoris, and possibly eventual damage to the muscular tissue of the heart. Sir Russell C. Brock of England described a new operating technique to correct the Fallot tetralogy, which had advantages over the earlier method devised by Doctors Blalock and Taussig of Baltimore. Cases were reported of twenty-four patients "living and improved" after a plastic valve had been inserted in the aorta to repair damage resulting from rheumatic fever or syphilis. The prevention of ill effects from rheumatic fever by the use of antibiotics to control group A streptococcal infection was confirmed. Dr. Biörck and Professor Noburo Kimura of Japan attributed the lower mortality from heart ailments in their countries to the smaller proportion of fat in their peoples' diets. Dr. Arthur Vineberg of Montreal described the transplantation of arteries to relieve the pain of angina pectoris.

The all-out battle against heart disease is fairly recent. At the dawn of this century, medicine was primarily concerned with fighting such historic plagues as typhus, diphtheria, infantile dysentery, and tuberculosis, but as these infectious diseases yielded before the attack of preventive vaccination or wonder drugs, heart and circulatory ailments have moved into first place among the evils that beset the life and health of modern man.

Such considerations moved a group of citizens to form the American Heart Association, a private organization that centralizes efforts to reduce the number of premature deaths or illnesses caused by various heart or cardiovascular conditions. Originally it was a professional association, established in 1924 by a group of eminent cardiologists. In 1948 it was reorganized on the present basis, admitting nonprofessional members as well and giving them administrative jobs in the local chapters.

The Heart Association's activities are paid for entirely out of voluntary contributions collected mainly in a nationwide campaign held every February. Along with that drive goes an educational program to inform people about cardiovascular diseases and possible cures.

Recognizing the importance of aiding research workers so that they can carry on their investigations without financial worries, the Association devotes a large part of its revenues to supporting such activities. This help reaches its peak in a unique grant, the Career Investigatorship, which provides an annual stipend and professional assistance for a limited number of outstanding individuals throughout their active careers. Another major form of aid is the Established Investigatorship, granted for periods of from one to five years and subject to annual reconsideration. Grants in Aid, usually for periods of from one to three years, provide technical assistance, equipment, and materials for scientists working for noncommercial institutions on specific research programs. Other two-year scholarships are awarded to young students in order that they may master clinical and laboratory skills under the direction of outstanding teachers.

Despite continual requests from abroad, the Association has not so far had sufficient funds to help doctors in other countries, except in very special cases. One exception is Dr. Bernardo Houssay (see January 1954 AMERICAS); the Association is investing a considerable sum to aid his important work in Argentina.

The Association uses several channels to keep doctors and others professionally concerned with heart ailments up to date on the new drugs, surgical procedures, diagnostic instruments, and other scientific advances. Scientific Sessions sponsored by the Association's Scientific Council draw hundreds of doctors and research workers every year. Two publications, *Circulation* and *Circulation Research*, report on applied and basic research, respectively. Another monthly review is *Modern Concepts of Cardiovascular Disease*, designed for the general practitioner.

Through the local chapters the educational program also reaches the general public, in the shape of pamphlets and books covering the various aspects of heart disease in clear and objective terms. The chapters also work through newspapers, magazines, the radio, the movies, and other mass media to make people aware of the importance of preventing heart ailments and of the possibility of participating in daily life despite restrictions imposed by the illness. The Association places particular emphasis on this last point. It tries by every means to combat the idea that anyone who has suffered a heart attack is a cripple, condemned to renounce a normal life. To put a rehabilitation program into practice, it establishes offices and workshops at the chapter level, where any patient can find vocational guidance and instruction to help him learn a new trade if necessary and then to find employment that will pay enough to support him and his family. Volunteer instructresses visit housewife patients to teach them to simplify domestic chores and conserve their energy.

During World War II, medical statistics revealed the necessity for doing something to cut down the incidence of rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart, which came to be serious health problems in the army. Nearly forty thousand soldiers contracted rheumatic fever while in the service, possibly because the conditions of barracks life favored the propagation of the streptococcic infection that precedes an attack. The seriousness of the problem from the viewpoint of national security had already been shown by the fact that 210,000 men were rejected for military service because of rheumatic heart.

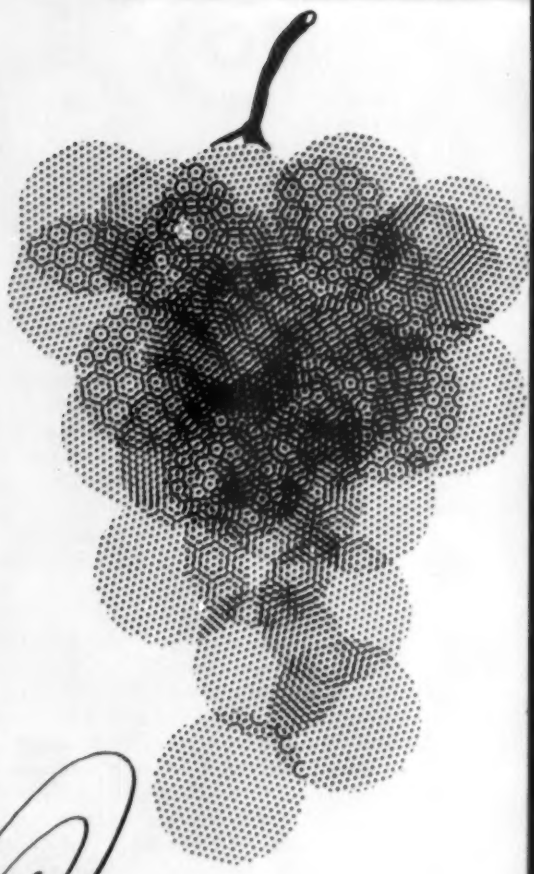
The discovery of the wonder drugs brought a partial solution. Subacute bacterial endocarditis, one of the complications that may accompany rheumatic or congenital heart ailments, was almost always fatal. In the last ten years, through the use of antibiotics, mortality from this cause has been sensationally reduced from a rate of over 99 per cent to 20 per cent. But the most spectacular



Cardiac catheter, inserted into heart through arm vein, aids diagnosis of defects and analysis of functioning

progress was attained in surgery when human audacity penetrated the zone that seems to guard the secret of life itself. Some heart operations were performed as early as 1923, but the surgical attack on congenital heart defects really got under way in 1938. At present, at least half of the various kinds of congenital deformities can be corrected or considerably improved with the help of surgery. Particularly long strides have been made in methods for restoring heart valves damaged by rheumatic fever. Thousands of children have already been saved from illness or premature death through these procedures, and the number will increase as techniques are further perfected.

So in the battle for your heart science has launched a gigantic counteroffensive, on a front reaching from the laboratory to the operating room. But it is the laymen who, with their volunteer services and donations, have helped provide the weapons. ◆ ◆ ◆



BACCHANALIAN DELIGHTS FOR ALL THE WORLD

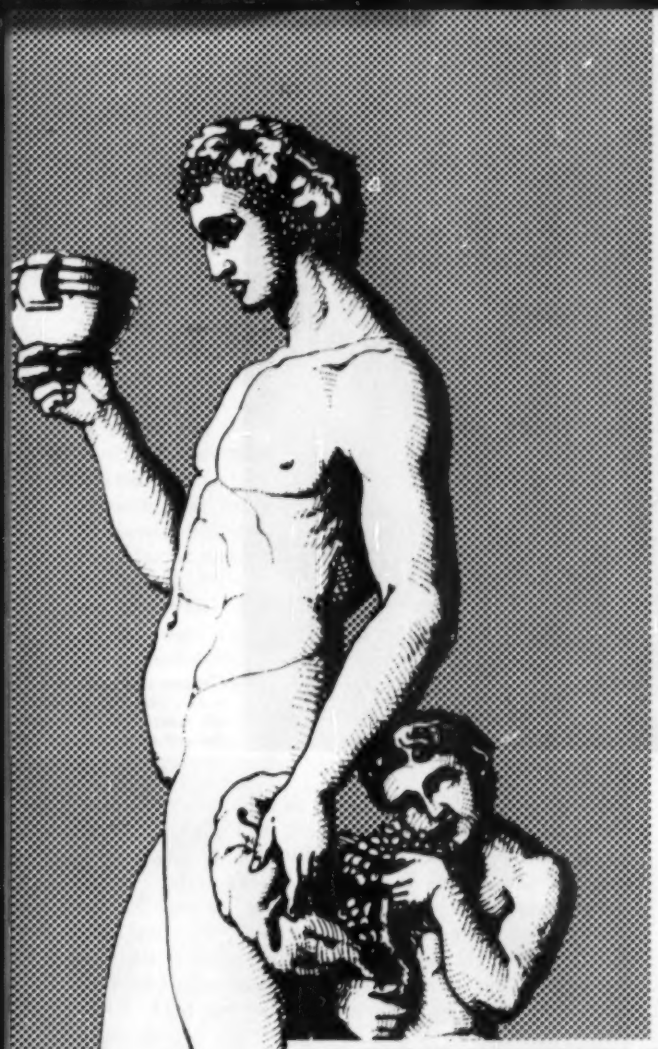
FROM Chilean Vineyards

Julio Lanzarotti

CHILEANS DO NOT LIKE to be viewed through their wine bottles. What one sees from this vantage point may be dangerously distorted, yet foreigners generally fall into the error.

Like most people, the Chilean likes to drink, but he doesn't want his country pictured as a land of drunkards. After all, Chilean per capita consumption of wine—about twelve and a half gallons a year—represents only a third of what the average Frenchman downs in the same period. Still, the Winemakers' Federation, Corporación Vitivinícola, complains that the Chilean "sometimes loses his equilibrium deplorably, because, actually, he has not yet learned how to drink."

Wine production is an ancient tradition. The best authorities maintain that Asia was the original home of the grapevine, and that it spread throughout Europe thousands of years before Christ. Its cultivation in America dates from Columbus' second voyage, in 1494, when he took some cuttings to the Antilles that grew rapidly but failed to produce grapes. In 1531 Hernán Cortés ordered vines from Spain for Mexico, and they took readily to the soil of the Aztecs. Shortly afterward



the vine reached Peru, according to Garcilaso de la Vega, who told of eating grapes in Cuzco in 1555. By 1560, only a few years after the land was discovered by the Spaniards, Chile was producing wine, and from there the crop spread to Argentina. Garcilaso reports that a friar was the first to plant vines in Chile. Soon the fame of the country's grape pressings spread, and by the eighteenth century its vintners' reputation for excellence was firmly established.

As a pioneer enterprise in Chilean foreign trade, wine attracted some of the most aristocratic families in the country. Chileans still speak of "winy names" to indicate lofty social position. Errázuriz, Larraín, Correa, Cousiño, Tocornal, Undurraga, Ochagavía, and Pereira are some still actively associated with the business.

The industry's development has been successful, but not without trouble and risk. On the success side are the early triumphs scored with the first foreigners to taste Chilean wines. Neighboring countries received them with delight, and they traveled as far as Mexico, encountering there the first difficulties as a new competitor of European wines. A Spanish royal decree of January 17, 1774, complained of the drop in sales of Spanish wine in the American colonies and simply and completely prohibited the importation or sale of Chilean wines in Mexico. Despite this offensive, Chilean wine continued to give color and animation to celebrations in other lands. The first statistics on record indicate that in the five years 1784-89 wines worth 310,666 pesos were sold abroad—a considerable amount even today.

The first steps in viticulture were taken with Spanish vinestocks imported with the conquistadors. These vines grew abundantly, but the enterprising planters, in an

Harvesting grapes that will become part of Chile's normal yearly output of eighty-five million gallons of wine





Chilean vineyards are small; only ten are over 247 acres. Total acreage devoted to grapes: 247,00

effort to improve them, imported French stocks, which became the basis for the modern industry. Then Chilean wine was bottled for export. It reached the Old World for the first time in 1877, when Macario Ossa sent some from his Santa Teresa vineyard to Bordeaux. Loudly acclaimed, it quickly achieved fame, and over the years its consumption became a mark of good taste. It is said that in 1929, when King Alfonso XIII sampled the Chilean wines during the Chilean Week organized in Seville, he spurned the traditional French champagne for the official toast and filled his glass with the Chilean product. This gesture was considered no mere courtesy, but a royal accolade, a sort of coronation of the fame of Chilean wines by a monarch who had already congratulated the government on their quality. Even today, wine, along with nitrates and copper, is one of the products that spread the name of Chile abroad, even though the export market has been very poor in recent years.

But there is much to record on the other side of the ledger, too. For wine is a two-edged weapon. As more wine is produced, more can be consumed, a fact that is fraught with danger. Noah himself, who was so close to God, did not profit by his drunkenness.

Whether the Chilean's reputation as a drinker is just or unjust, influenced or not by the volume of wine production, the truth is that wine flows freely in his gay fiestas. Take his traditional dance, the *cueca*, for example. "A *cueca* without wine is like a brazier without fire," says the Chilean writer Mariano Latorre. Another writer with genuinely popular roots, Antonio Acevedo Hernández, is the author of a treatise on wine and the other Chilean alcoholic beverages.

All this is nothing new. From the days when the Chilean population first began to reveal itself as a nation, Chileans have combined their happiness with the sparkling and contagious euphoria of the grape. In his novel *Martín Rivas*, Alberto Blest Gana, Chile's first novelist, described a fiesta of the 1800's marked by the same characteristics. The "leather boot," a wine bag for drinking, was introduced by the conquistadors and down to the end of the last century figured even in the most serious and respectable moments. "Tonight is Christmas Eve, and tomorrow is Christmas! Pass the boot, María, for I want to get drunk," declared one of the most popular carols of the old days. But to the "leather boot" the people added glasses or cups of various shapes and sizes, baptized with sonorous names of obscure origin—the *lorita* (little parrot), the *pato* (duck), the *medio pato* (half duck), the *caña* (cane), the *guagua* (baby), the *cacho* (horn), and many others. As varied as the equipment are the toasts that accompany the draughts. The brief and cordial "*¡Salud!*" (your health), offered as an invitation to drink, is only the keyhole, through which can be seen a whole room furnished with all kinds of sayings, couplets, and verses that are toasts of friendship. Along with the sharp "*¡Al seco!*" (the equivalent of "down the hatch") there is the slyer and more challenging "*En el fondo del vaso está el afecto*" ("Friendship waits in the bottom of the glass").

All this profane and boisterous liturgy is no doubt stimulated by the high quality of Chilean spirits, so the authorities, always concerned with the problem of alcoholism, laid moderating hands on the industry. First they restricted the land area that could be planted to grapevines. Then they clapped a ceiling on national production: the vineyards could make only sixteen gallons a year per inhabitant. The excess was "blockaded," or withheld from the domestic market. Three alternatives

to the blockade were open: exportation, transformation into industrial alcohol, or elimination. In years when hundreds of thousands of quarts of wine were thrown away, the red or white liquid flowed along the country ditches until the earth absorbed it in a silent and static orgy.

For years there has been a running battle between the wine producers and certain authorities and segments of the public. The producers maintain that there is no relation between the volume of wine turned out and the problem of alcoholism, which they claim is basically one of education. To underline this idea, they have staged campaigns to "teach people how to drink," extolling the virtues of wine systematically consumed in appropriate amounts. Not long ago a poster appeared on the streets of Santiago showing a workman with a robust glass of red wine in one hand and a sandwich in the other, with the legend, "You must know how. Drink while eating and eat while drinking. Educational campaign of the Winegrowers' Federation."

At present the blockade has disappeared in practice, because less than the legal quota of wine is being pro-



Wine flows freely at Chilean fiestas. Mariano Latorre says: "A cueca without wine is like a brazier without fire"

Wine masters, zealously proud of their products, argue for longer aging process rather than quick profit from early sale



duced. At the same time, exports have declined. From a record of four million gallons in 1949, they plummeted to 1,750,000 the following year, rose to 2,300,000 in 1951, and fell to 875,000 gallons in 1952, sinking to a mere 396,000 gallons in 1953. The international market has been unfavorable for Chile, since, including charges for long shipping hauls, the delivered price of the Chilean product is high, and the main consuming countries produce almost all they require themselves. The United States, however, is one country that is potentially a good customer for Chilean wines. The complicated Chilean foreign-exchange system, understood in all its ramifications by very few people, probably contributed to the decline. In order to stimulate sales abroad by improving their price offering, wine exporters were granted a premium over the basic exchange rate allowed other exporters for the dollars they earned, but only when they could arrange to apply these to import certain non-essential goods. This led to camouflaged operations of doubtful benefit to the country. Trade restrictions were later relaxed, but more recently controls have been reapplied.

Wine production is a typically native industry in Chile, with many notable traditions. The vineyards cover some 247,000 acres, with a normal output of eighty-five million gallons a year. Small vineyards of less than 2.47 acres make up the overwhelming majority. There are only 427 medium-size vineyards (fifty to 125 acres) and only ten of over 247 acres. Since it has recently become illegal to plant vineyards on irrigated lands, it would be difficult to start any new large ones. Strict technical and tax controls, to be sure, have not eliminated traditional vineyard activities. The Vintage Festival,

which marks the beginning of the grape harvest, is a simple ritual that maintains its ancient air despite the fact that modernization is eating away at rural traditions. On the appointed day, grape harvesters and their families, friends, and guests assemble at the house of the *patrón*. After the grapes are gathered, the long festive table is spread, and there is eating, drinking, singing, and dancing.

Once the harvest is over, the juice pressed from the grapes is stored in casks of various shapes, sizes, and woods to brew the variety of alcoholic products. *Chicha*, which may be raw or cooked, is the pure grape juice worked over by a fermenting agent. Wine, the principal product, may be white or red. The juice is used without the skins of the grapes for the white wines and with the skins for the red, going from the press to fermentation vats and then to aging barrels. Either red or white wines can be made from red grapes, but white grapes are used for some white wines. The favored varieties for white wines are Semillon, Sauvignon, Riesling, and Pinot; for red wines, Cabernet, Cabernet Sauvignon, Clot-Rouge, red Pinot, Merlot, Verlot, Clarignon, and native grapes.

Various methods of alchemy are used to bring out the qualities and bouquets that build the fame of the vineyards or types of wine. In general, on the basis of aging alone, four classes of wines are listed: ordinary, with a minimum age of one year; special, at least two years old; reserved, at least four years old; and *Gran Vino*, at least six years old.

In addition to age, special techniques and grape varieties are important elements in each vineyard's secrets. The length of fermentation is a crucial point. The testers who determine the ideal state of fermentation are amazingly efficient, basing their empirical science on years of experience. The fermentation process produces a peculiar noise. When this happens, they say the wine "sings," and the vintner must decide by the song when the wine has reached the right stage. Wine masters also say the vats "understand," for most craftsmen are fat and have trouble getting around the warehouses crowded with casks, but in the fermentation process the barrels bend inward, leaving the workers more room.

The people of each vineyard naturally consider their products superior to anyone else's. The wine masters are especially jealous. They protest angrily when the contents of a barrel is drawn out for sale, arguing that if it were kept a little longer, it would improve still more. Ardently the vineyards guard their triumphs and proudly collect favorable opinions on their products. At the Santa Rita vineyard, for example, they will never forget the visit of the late Marshal Jean-Marie Gabriel de Lattre de Tassigny in 1947. Sampling a wine of 1906 vintage, he declared, "Only once before in my life have I tasted a wine like this one. That was in France, but the French wine was of lower alcoholic content."

Chilean vineyards today represent an investment of some thirty-five billion pesos. More than a hundred thousand people—who with their families account for nearly 10 per cent of the country's total population—are employed in growing the grapes and making the wine. Nevertheless, Chile is not a big wine producer. It ranks only eleventh in production volume: France makes fifteen times, Italy ten times, and Algeria three and a half times as much. Spanish and Argentine production each triples Chile's, which is also surpassed by that of Portugal, Russia, Yugoslavia, Roumania, and Greece. Chile's reputation in the industry is based on quality, not quantity. Its choice vintages have inspired its finest poets, who seem to wonder, with Omar, "what the Vintners buy, one half so precious as the stuff they sell." ◆ ◆ ◆

At Independence Day celebration in Cousiño Park, Santiago, cowboys receive free draughts of Chile's finest



the man behind

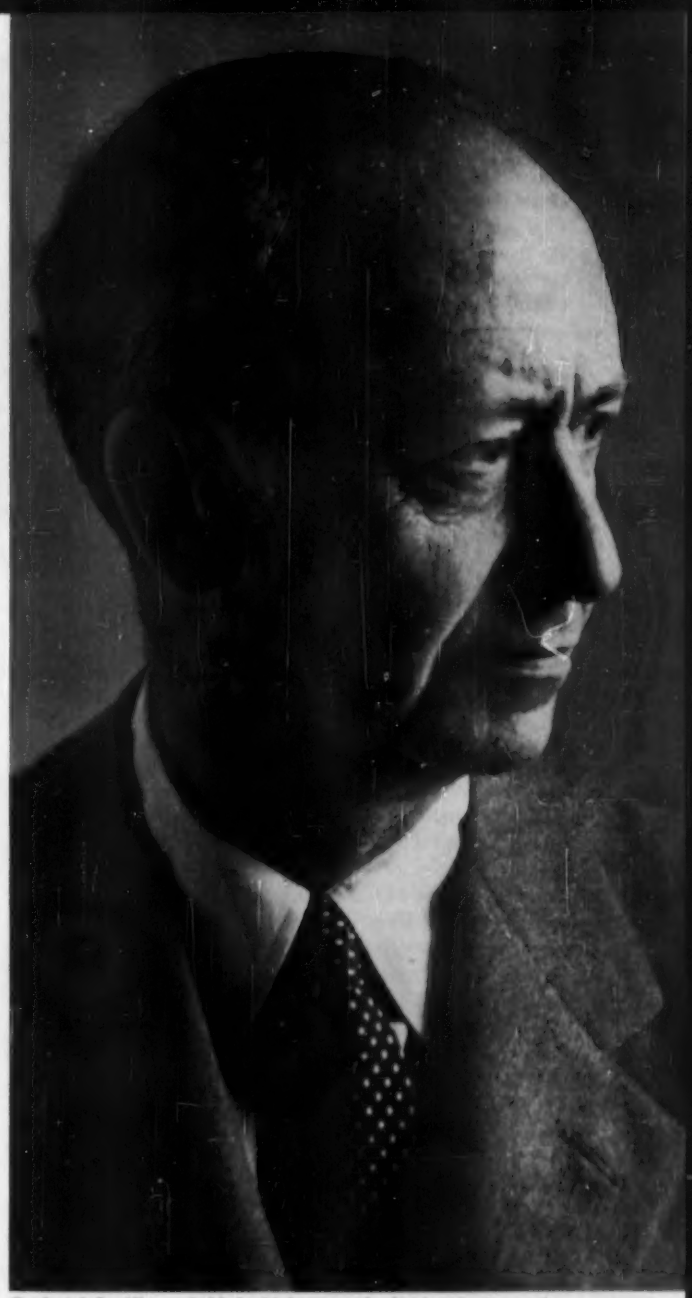
Harper's

the survival against all odds of the "quality" monthly magazine

Eric Larrabee

THE LATE FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, whose death last February left a ragged gap in the ranks of American journalism, was both the exponent of an established tradition and the innovator of a new one. As the author of *Only Yesterday* and numerous other books, he pioneered the technique of informal social history; as the editor-in-chief of *Harper's Magazine* from 1941 to 1953 he maintained, exemplified, and eloquently expressed the ideals of the "quality" monthly magazine in the United States. To a degree that is unusual today, common though it has sometimes been, he combined the functions of creator and critic, of a practitioner of the writer's craft and a custodian of the standards on which the craft relies. He was, at the same time, a model of the combination of gentle manners and exuberant spirit, of wide-ranging sympathies and individual integrity, which periodically ornaments the American character.

Though he was born in Boston in 1890, within the periphery of one of the few durable oligarchies the United States has developed, Frederick L. Allen received from his father, a minister, a profound belief in one's duty to the underprivileged and distressed. Similarly, Mr. Allen's education at Groton and Harvard—the classic pattern of school and college for young men of good New England family—strongly inclined him to a career not of privilege but of responsibility. Under the direction of Dr. Endicott Peabody, Groton was intended to be no mere rich boy's school but one where rich and not-so-rich intermingled and both were impressed with an obligation to public service. Like many other Groton graduates—among them Franklin D. Roosevelt—Mr. Allen seemed never to lose his school's high regard for civic achievement; at times he would half-humorously remark that he belonged to the group of those who had heartily disliked Groton but were going through life determined to show Dr. Peabody they were not as worthless as the school had made them feel.



Frederick L. Allen upheld the highest standards of magazine craft

At Harvard Mr. Allen was a contemporary of the humorist Robert Benchley and the cartoonist Gluyas Williams, and like them an editor of the *Lampoon*, the comic magazine of the college that has nurtured many talents. He was subsequently an instructor in English at Harvard and later, before coming to *Harper's Magazine*, he was Secretary to the Harvard Corporation, the governing body of the university. At the time of his death he was a member of the Harvard Overseers, a group of distinguished graduates who regularly visit the univer-

sity and advise its president, and he had been a trustee of several other institutions of learning and research. Thus he continued to be associated with scholars and with scholarship long after he left Harvard as a student or teacher. In 1950 the Signet Society, a Harvard group composed of both professors and undergraduates, awarded him its medal for merit—an honor that has gone also to Robert E. Sherwood, Van Wyck Brooks, and T. S. Eliot.

Before World War I, when he served with the Council of National Defense in Washington, Mr. Allen had already begun his apprenticeship on the editorial staffs of two distinguished publications—as assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and as managing editor of the *Century Magazine*. In 1923 he came to *Harper's*, becoming associate editor in 1931 and editor-in-chief in 1941. By 1931, however, he had already commenced the series of books which were to earn him an independent reputation as an author. The first, and by all odds the most famous, was *Only Yesterday* (1931), a one-volume history of the twenties, written almost as the decade closed. It was followed by *The Lords of Creation* (1935), a history of U.S. financial expansion in the forty years that preceded 1929; *Since Yesterday*, an account of the Depression decade; *The Great Pierpont Morgan* (1949), a biography; a series of picture books combining photographs and text which he wrote in collaboration with his wife, Agnes Rogers Allen; and lastly, *The Big Change* (1952), a study in the transformation of U.S. life during the first half of the twentieth century.

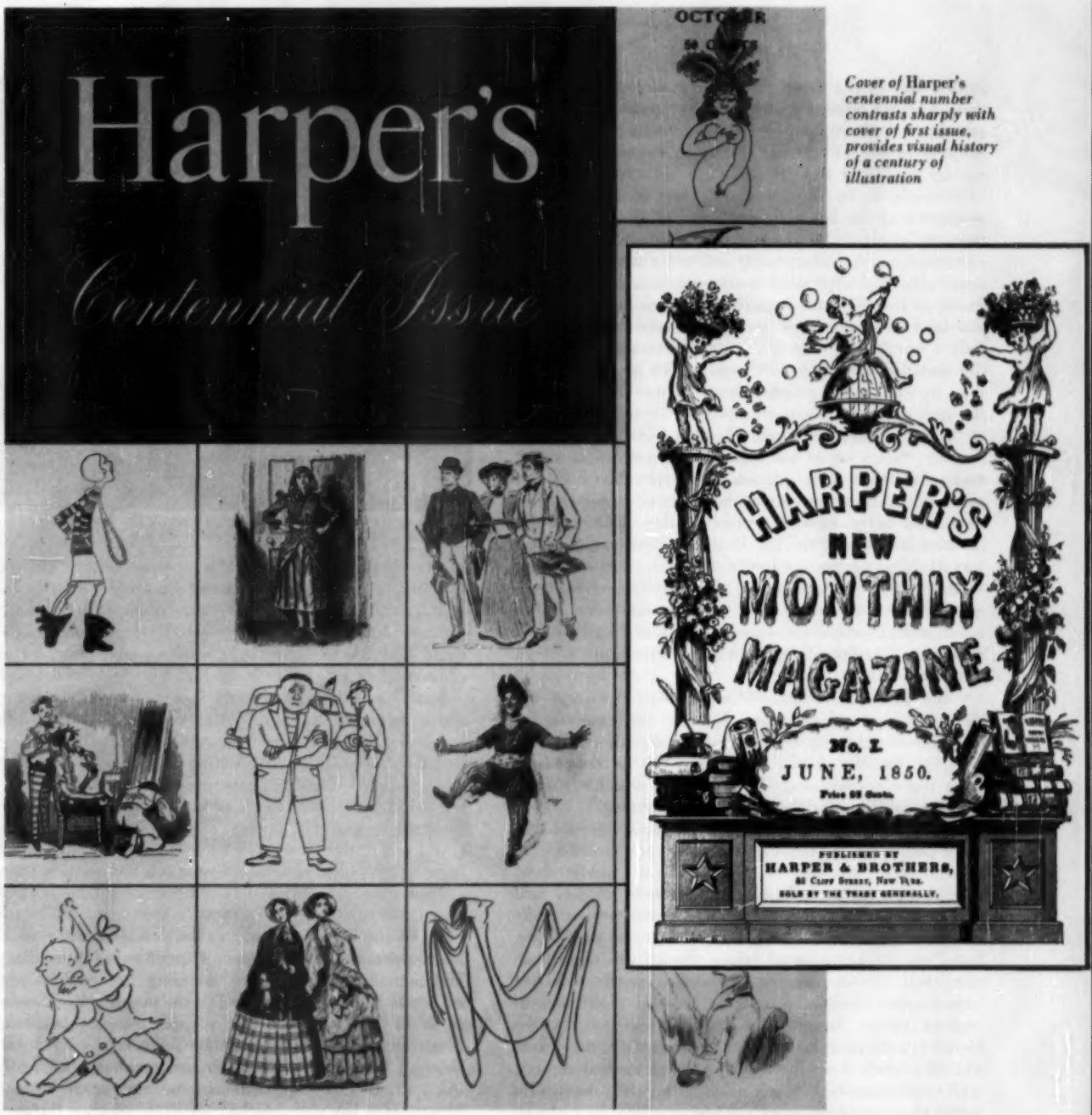
At the time *Only Yesterday* appeared, its form and method were nearly unique. The author was not writing "history" in the academic sense of the word but attempting to reproduce, on the broadest possible canvas, the feel and texture of the era through which he and his readers had recently passed. This desire to record impressions while they were still fresh was not new—Mark Sullivan's monumental *Our Times* had already provided a day-to-day narrative of great length and detail—but the attempt to achieve a balanced, over-all view of an immediately preceding decade was both unusual and unusually successful. Mr. Allen seems not to have anticipated that *Only Yesterday* would become the classic account of the "fabulous twenties" that it now is. He wrote in the preface, "One advantage the book will have over most histories: hardly anyone old enough to read it can fail to remember the entire period with which it deals." Such, of course, is no longer the case; and it is a tribute to the book, and to the validity of its technique, that it can now be read by so many to whom the events it describes are utterly strange.

This man was a historian *malgré lui*. The title of "historian" was not one he willingly accepted, and he preferred to think of himself as a "retrospective journalist"—an apt characterization, and one he invested with dignity. As a writer he was unashamedly journalistic: in his effort to interest a wide audience, to reduce abstract ideas to their human denominator, to do justice to the ordinary and the commonplace, and to flavor his work with lively and relevant detail. Yet if here he drew heavily on the resources of U.S. magazine reporting, he left them that much the richer by his own demonstration that journalism need not be perishable, need not be carelessly documented or poorly written, and need not yield to formal "history" all the virtues of wisdom or justice. He also drew upon tradition for those principles of discrimination and judgment which he felt, for all the live pertinence with which he applied them, that a "Victorian liberal" might well have shared. "He did not have to wait years to attain perspective; he always carried it within him," wrote the New York *Herald Tribune* after his death.

During Mr. Allen's tenure as editor-in-chief, *Harper's Magazine* celebrated its hundredth birthday. Together with the *Atlantic*, it is one of the two survivors of a once-flourishing group—the so-called "quality" monthly magazines—which used to include the *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Forum*, the *Review of Reviews*, *Current History*, and others that expired or were altered out of recognition during the 1920's. While *Harper's* is today a journal of sizable influence, it reaches little more than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the United States population (for comparison, the circulation of *Time* would be roughly 1 per cent, and that of the *Reader's Digest* closer to 10 per cent). Like thousands of other periodicals of modest circulation, it manages to survive in the midst of the giants—the thirty-odd publications that go each week or month to more than a million people each—because it fills a number of functions which they cannot. U.S. journalism takes its characteristic tone, and draws much of its economic strength, from these "mass media"; but they enjoy no monopoly on distinction or originality, and within their massive shadow it is still possible for lesser journals to thrive.

The title "quality group," however, is in some ways misleading. There is no doubt that *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* today are "quality" magazines (to the extent that their artistic and intellectual standards are intended to be high) or that most of their defunct contemporaries could have made the same claim. But it does not therefore follow that they relish their present lonely eminence, or that they necessarily prefer so small a number of subscribers. *Harper's*, in fact, was originally a "mass medium" itself—for its time a kind of combination of *Life* and the *Reader's Digest*, with what was then a creditable circulation. Today it prints approximately the same number of copies, but in the many decades that have intervened, the surging growth of new and vigorous competitors has totally altered the proportions that such a number (this or the other side of two hundred thousand) represents. *Harper's* is now a "quality" magazine at least in part because of being forced *up* into that position by very powerful pressures from below.

Harper's was started in 1850 in New York by the book-publishing firm of the four Harper brothers, one of whom had been mayor of the city. The magazine, one of their several periodical ventures, was a result of their discovery—made by many publishers since—that printing presses are profitable only if you keep them continuously busy. *Harper's* was originally thought of, one



Cover of Harper's *centennial number contrasts sharply with cover of first issue, provides visual history of a century of illustration*

of the brothers was later to admit candidly, "as a tender to our business, though it has grown into something beyond that." It would serve, by reprinting in serial form the British novelists who were then infallibly popular, to amplify and stabilize the flow of work through the Harper printing plant. "The magazine," wrote Mr. Allen a century later in the centennial issue of *Harper's*, "would be, as the professors of literature say, 'eclectic'—which means, in ruder parlance, that it would lift things from a lot of sources."

These were the days before international copyright, when it was not considered immoral or unorthodox to pirate an entire book; for that matter, the question of who was to publish it might depend on who got down to the docks the quickest when the galley proofs arrived from London. It can at least be said for *Harper's* that before long it initiated the custom of actually paying its British authors, and that it soon extended its reportorial curiosity further and further into U.S. life and the world-wide matters in which Americans might be expected to be interested. Serialized fiction continued to be a mainstay of the magazine for many years, with the successive publication of complete novels by Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope; George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, and Henry

James. But in the same pages the reader also expected to find travel writing and biography; news reports and essays; and illustrated, descriptive, factual articles on subjects ranging from coal mining in Pennsylvania to a murder by "Wild Bill" Hickok.

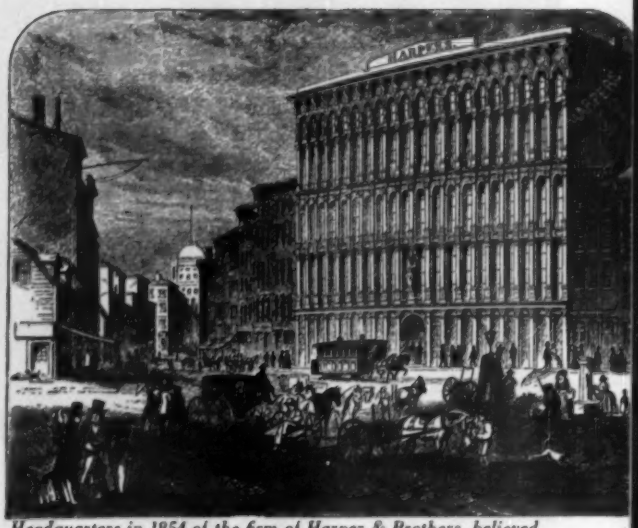
Harper's, to be sure, was only one of many representatives of the monthly magazine of general interest that was gradually taking shape. It was one of the most successful, on the other hand, and had a firm grip on its upper-class and upper-middle-class readers. In the United States of that day, the minority of means and education was far smaller than now, and a publication that reached only a hundred thousand or so might saturate its potential audience in a way that is no longer possible. To be read by the "right" people, therefore, was both *Harper's* strength and its ultimate weakness.

"These magazines," wrote Mr. Allen in the centennial number, "were edited for ladies and gentlemen of either means or intellectual interests, or preferably both. In other words, they were aimed definitely at an upper class of refined tastes. From time to time they dealt with the question of poverty in the United States, but the tone was likely to be, unconsciously, the tone of an aristocrat reminding other aristocrats of the regrettable conditions among the unfortunate if picturesque members of the lower orders, people for whose unhappy state they had a measure of responsibility, but who were quite foreign to them.

"The distinction of these magazines," he went on, "was a great national asset. Nobody can measure the educational value, to hundreds of thousands of Americans, of the *Harper's* of that day. Yet its remoteness from the everyday interests of the rank-and-file was to prove a liability; for the times were changing."

What undermined the "quality" magazines was the same phenomenon that cut down the predominance of their readers—the rise of the U.S. lower middle class. During that last decade of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth, an extraordinary development of both old and new publications took place, based on the lowering of prices, the growth of circulation, and the increase in advertising revenue that a bigger sale allowed. To cater to the new multitudes of readers whose interests the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, or the *Century* were progressively failing to satisfy, magazines like *McClure's* were soon setting about to deal directly with contemporary U.S. life and tell the often unpleasant truths their energetic reporters had unv ·led, like Ida M. Tarbell's reports on the Standard Oi Corporation or Lincoln Steffens' accounts of the complacent corruption of many U.S. city governments. Where national journalism on the whole grew more and more lively, the "quality group" came more and more to rely on material of undoubted propriety, refinement, and respectability—and not much else. Typical titles were likely to sound as remote from actuality as "Rambles in Old Brittany" or "Some Roman Coins," and over the years the readers fell away.

At the same time, new magazines appealed to vast numbers of Americans in a manner hitherto undreamed



Headquarters in 1854 of the firm of Harper & Brothers, believed to be the largest publishers in the world at the time

of. Two editors of considerable genius—George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post* and Edward Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal*—were discovering the half-a-dozen different devices by which their publications could be made to serve the upward social aspirations of ordinary folk who wanted—as Mr. Allen observed in the *Atlantic's* ninetieth-anniversary issue—"to improve themselves rather than improve the world." Together with the many imitators they eventually acquired, the *Post* and the *Journal* built advertising into a major industry and prospered mightily in the process, inevitably attracting prestige and the talents of skillful writers, and pushing their laggard competitors still farther into the shade. One by one, the members of the "quality group" began to falter, to combine with one another, and to disappear.

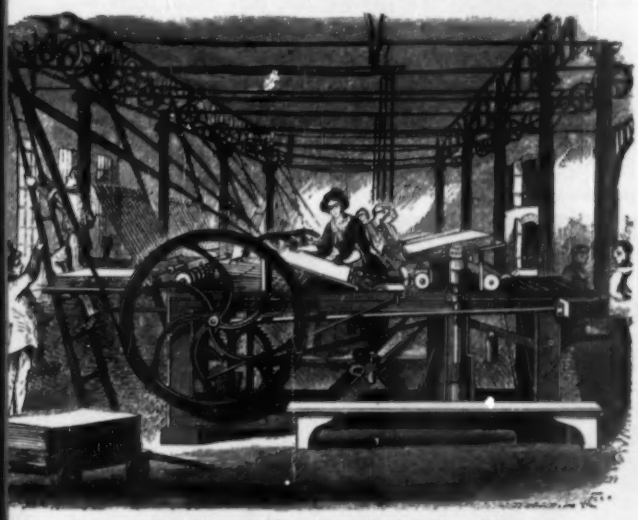
That only two survived is not so remarkable as that any survived at all. The *Atlantic* was rescued before the First World War began when Ellery Sedgwick bought it, became its editor, and gave it qualities of immediacy and human interest without debasing its claim to pre-eminence. *Harper's* was saved in the twenties by Thomas B. Wells, who totally altered its appearance (abolishing illustrations and adopting a plain red-orange cover) and changed the nature of its contents, making it avowedly the journal of incisive comment on current events and ideas that it has aimed to be ever since. Neither *Harper's* nor the *Atlantic* could be described today as a wildly profitable venture, but even if they must swim hard to stay abreast of the current, their endurance speaks well for their devotees.

"The lesson," wrote Mr. Allen in his *Atlantic* article on U.S. magazines, "was reasonably clear. What had caused the procession to the graveyard was not a vulgarizing of American taste or even the rise of the mass-production principle in journalism, so much as the editorial—and business—complacency of the onetime leaders of the American magazine world. Unable to find their way out of the ivory towers of learned gentility into the

flesh-and-blood world of affairs, they had gradually lost touch with American leadership. Only those among them who were able to discover the stuff of life were able to carry on."

The functions that now remain for the American monthly magazine are many, and few editors have been better able to exercise and expound them than Frederick Lewis Allen. Schooled to the task by both Mr. Sedgwick and Mr. Wells, he was able to visualize his own responsibility in terms both of the tradition and of the need not to take tradition too seriously. To editing he brought the same conscientiousness, precision, and imagination that he did to writing; and as editor-in-chief he was an education to his subordinates in judiciousness, good humor, and patience. If his books may be described as history seasoned by journalism, his daily practice was journalism seasoned by history—by historical scholarship, gentle irony, moderate hope, and mature understanding. His career was a compliment to his profession.

Mr. Allen's most comprehensive exposition of his professional philosophy was first made in a speech to the University of Missouri School of Journalism, parts of which later appeared in *Harper's*. He spoke of the magazine's having five aims, and elaborated after each of these on the sense in which he interpreted them. Extracts from these remarks now follow here, as the most fitting expressions that can be found of his achievements and his legacy to those of us who follow him:



In the 1850's, Harper's Magazine *rolled off these Adams presses. Rotary presses were employed for quicker jobs*

(1) *First, of course, the magazine must be interesting.* "This is a sort of preliminary objective, a *sine qua non* for any publication that hopes to be able to pay its bills. But in the case of *Harper's Magazine* we interpret it in a special way. We make no effort to limit the magazine to material which will appeal to the millions of people who, whatever their merits, either do not really know how to read or do not care to make the effort, whose interest in the realities of the present-day world is only casual or superficial, and who are indifferent to distinction of thought and expression. We deliberately edit for a minority of educated—though not necessarily formally educated—people, intelligent people, whom our promotion department, not without reason, refers to as the real leaders of America."

(2) *A monthly magazine, we believe, should provide news, in the widest sense*—"more selective, more considered, more concentratedly illuminating than the newspaper or even the news weekly can ordinarily provide; far more timely than books ordinarily can offer."

(3) *It should provide interpretation and discussion of the important issues before the public*—"more thorough than a newspaper can provide, but less demanding of sustained, specialized interest than a book. This discussion should be honest, searching, independent, disinterested, and aimed at serving the general public interest—no special pleading, no pressure-group stuff, no axe-grinding, no kowtowing to any private interest or power, no evasion of the uncomfortable fact. We live today in an all-too-organized world of mighty governments, corporations, institutions, associations, parties, and blocs, each with its own publicity machine; wearing its own blinders to all that does not serve its own special ends. Wise public policy is not likely to result from taking a decibel count of the uproar made by this and that lobby in Washington. Some places there must be where the general interest, as contrasted with each and all of these special interests, can have a hearing; where the attempt is made to balance and adjust their conflicting claims. This, we think, is a job for the independent magazine. It should be just as far-sighted as possible. It should try to make, now and then, at least an approach to wisdom."

(4) *The magazine should provide a vehicle, within the limits of space available, for the artist in literature*—"in fiction, in poetry, in the essay, in whatever form he may invent."

(5) *And, likewise, the magazine should provide a platform for original thinkers,* "for voices crying in the wilderness, for really creative ideas wherever they may be found. We live also in a period where there is a gradually increasing growth of staff-written magazines, each of which must, almost of necessity, keep its columns closed to ideas which do not fit its own explicit policy. Under such circumstances it is not only the general as against the specific interest but also the unorganized individual who should have a platform. It seems to us to be one of the functions of the independent monthly magazine to give him a place where he can speak his mind. That is one of the reasons why we at *Harper's* scan eagerly the manuscripts which flood into our office at the rate of seventy or eighty per working day. We are looking for the seminal idea, the objective judgment on the trend of things, the air-clearing outburst of indignation, which will suddenly throw everything about us into a new perspective—and which is as likely as not to come from some individual who sits all by himself, unorganized, unrecognized, unorthodox, and unterrified."

Such, to his credit, was a man we will sorely miss.

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SÃO PAULO'S MACKENZIE U.

the story of a Brazilian university, U. S. style

Michael Scully

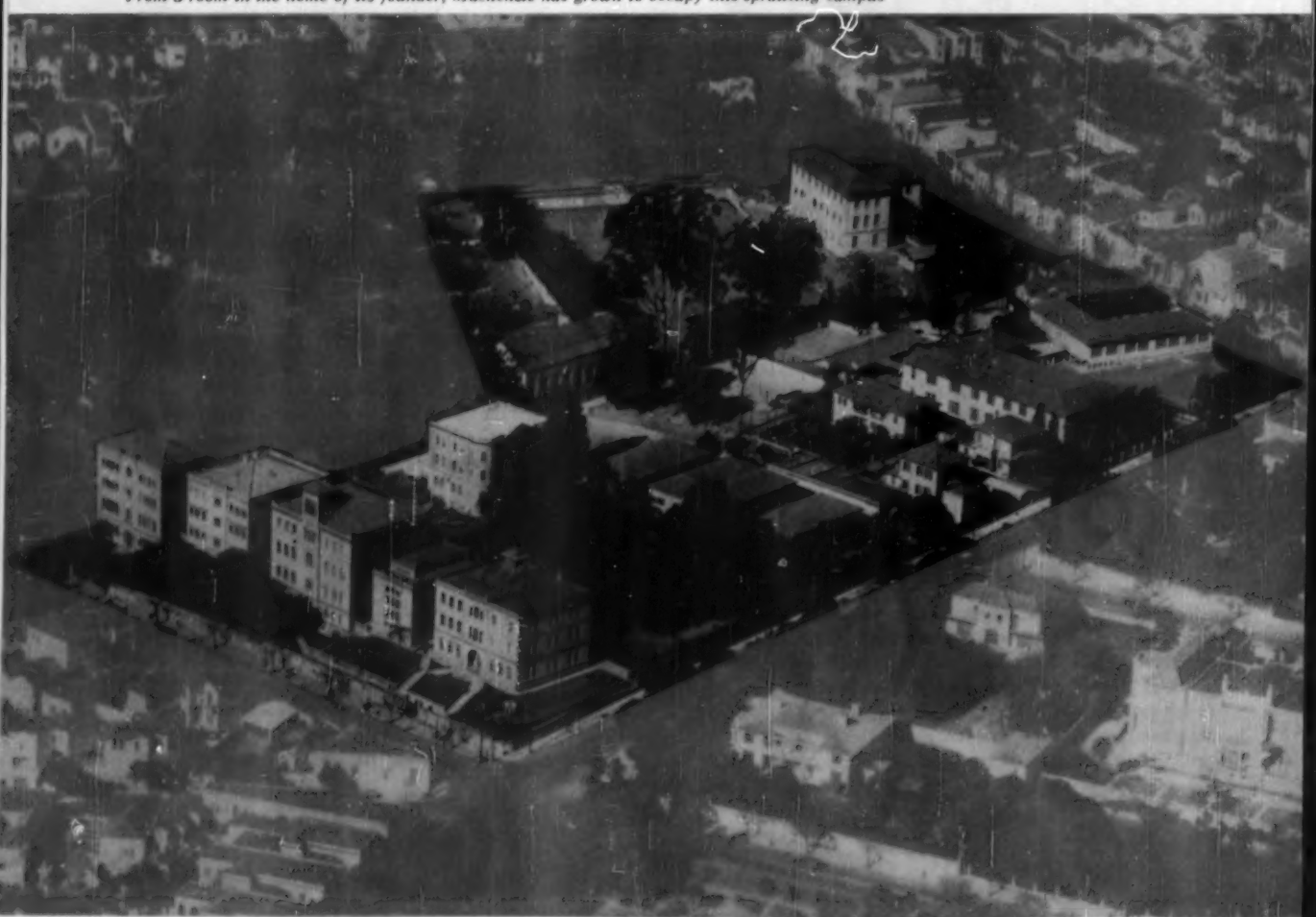
MARY ANNESLEY CHAMBERLAIN would be more than gratified if she could see now what has come of a motherly impulse she had eighty-five years ago—indeed, she would be astounded.

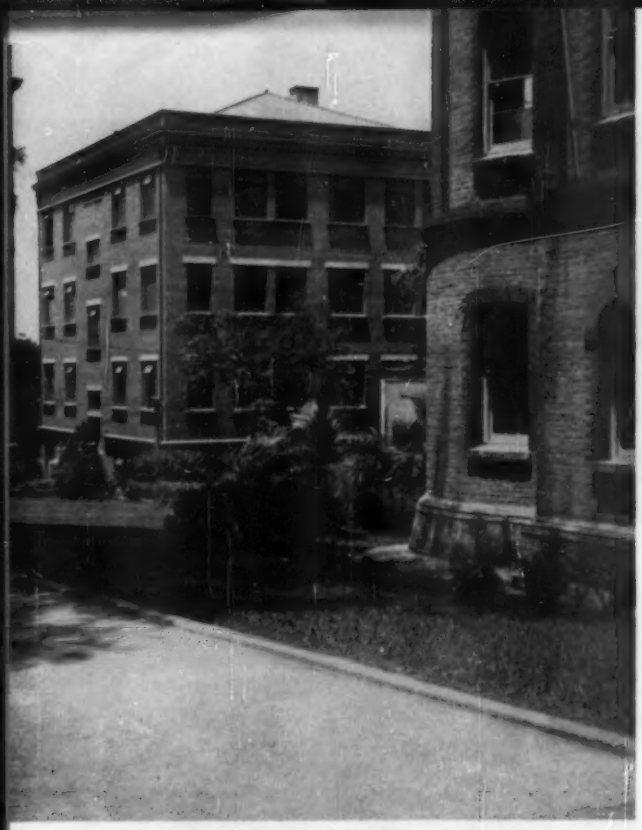
Mrs. Chamberlain, the bride of a Presbyterian missionary, gazed from her window in São Paulo, Brazil, one morning in 1870, her thoughts on a group of neighborhood children playing in the street. Born in poverty, without schools, they would grow up shackled by ignorance—unless someone did something. She went to the door and, with cookies, coaxed in two little boys and a girl. Then for an hour she held them wide-eyed with stories she read from an excitingly illustrated book.

The next day the trio came back, and the next. She produced pencils and paper and showed them how, by drawing the letters she pointed out, they could learn to decipher the book's fascinating tales for themselves. Soon they were deep in a wonderful game of learning to read and write.

She had made no selection—it just happened that two of the children were white and one was Negro, two were Protestants and one was a Catholic. They began to bring

From a room in the home of its founder, Mackenzie has grown to occupy this sprawling campus





Not a liberal-arts institution alone, Mackenzie has technical school (center) and architecture department (right)

friends who were just as haphazardly divided, and soon the little house bulged with small Brazilians mixed in creed and color.

Mary's husband, George, a Princeton Theological Seminary graduate, realized that the Chamberlains had an incipient school on their hands. He rented a shabby storeroom nearby. Interested parents helped to whitewash it and knock together tables and benches. Then Mary and an assistant began regular classes while Chamberlain, who helped to maintain his mission by part-time work as a traveling salesman, redoubled his efforts to support the new Escola Americana (American School).

A grade was added each year as the children grew, and expenses mounted. The young missionaries were desperate for funds when, in 1878, a wonderful thing happened. Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, went to São Paulo, heard their story, and visited the school unannounced.

Dom Pedro was a unique royal figure for his day—a scholar, an amateur scientist, and a hereditary ruler with the odd conviction that he should guide his people toward democracy. On a visit to the United States he had studied Horace Mann's crusade to provide schools for all the people. Here, in the Chamberlains' school, he saw a seed of that idea planted in Brazil. The Emperor made a contribution to nourish it, and others followed his lead.

This support gave Chamberlain more time for business. He built a successful importing house and the profits went to the school. In 1884 he induced Dr. Horace M. Lane, a Maine-born educator who had spent years in Brazilian missions, to become its director. The next year he bought land near the city's edge and began primary and high school buildings.

São Paulo has seen dramatic changes since 1870. The city, then a drowsy coffee market of thirty thousand, has drawn men and money from all the world to become the industrial metropolis of the southern hemisphere with a population approaching three million. And Mary Chamberlain's little *escola* has not only kept pace, it has helped vitally to show the way. Now grown to university status, it is one of the most potent educational centers on earth.

Ask a taxi-driver for the "Escola Americana," "Instituto Mackenzie," or "Universidade Mackenzie" and he will take you to a campus crowded by twenty buildings that bear all those names. *Paulistas* skip the confusion by calling it all simply "The Mackenzie"—and those Scotch-plaid syllables, popping out of a flow of Portuguese, sound in no way incongruous in a melting-pot city where most major languages are blended daily.

It became "The Mackenzie" through an incident typical of its unorthodox history. John T. Mackenzie of New York had planned in youth to go to Brazil as a missionary. Instead he was diverted into a law practice that yielded a fortune. In the 1880's, nearing retirement, he happened to hear about the struggling Escola Americana. Before he could carry out his plan to visit the school, Mackenzie died, but his will provided funds for the first college building, which grateful students dubbed "The



A lecture in geology. Classes at Mackenzie are coeducational

Mackenzie." The name clung and spread until the expanded school was given the title "Mackenzie Institute."

Today it still begins with the first grade, but it rises through excellent secondary, technical, and commercial schools to flower at the top in colleges of science, engineering, architecture, pedagogy, and arts and letters. Many of the most distinguished Brazilians are among its thirty-five thousand alumni. With five thousand students, it is South America's largest privately supported school, and its reputation is such that for lack of facilities it must turn away 1,500 applicants a year.



Camp for engineering field work, fifteen miles from town. Below: Surveying practice

What would most delight Mary Chamberlain is that it is still a school for all who want to learn. It has been a pioneer of coeducation in Brazil, and today's student body is a sampling of the many races and creeds that make up São Paulo. Two thirds are Catholic, the remainder Protestant, Jewish, Eastern Orthodox, and Buddhist. Nearly all students are Brazilians, but less than half are of the old Portuguese stock. The rest—of Italian, German, Spanish, Slavic, British, Japanese, and other origins—stem from immigrants who in the past sixty years have brought São Paulo a steady infusion of new blood, skills, and ideas, giving it the colorful vitality of an earlier New York and making it unlike any other city of South America.

The faculty of 250 has been constantly enriched by this immigrant stream. Dr. Constantin Victoroff of the University of Petrograd fled the Bolshevik revolution in 1919, reaching Brazil with nothing but a wide reputation as an electrical engineer. São Paulo, already booming, offered him lucrative opportunities in industry. "But Mackenzie fascinated me," he relates. "Old Russia's colleges had been only for the elite. New Russia was just as class-conscious in reverse, and an intellectual prison as well. Here was something I had never seen before—a place offering all classes, races, and creeds freedom to learn." For twenty-eight years he has been happily turning out Mackenzie electrical engineers for Brazil.

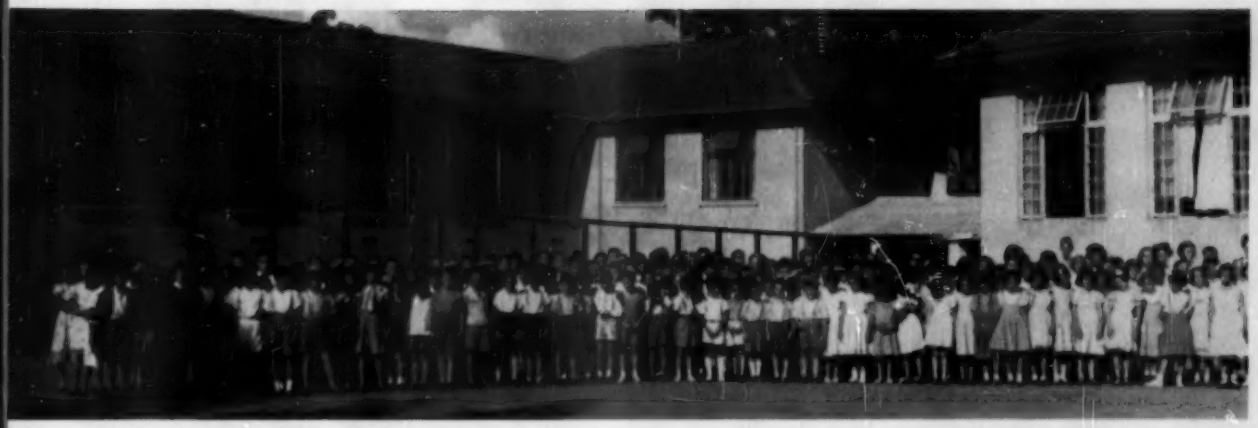
The chemistry building is named for Dr. Alfred C. Slater, who came out as a fledgling British scientist in 1904 and is still training São Paulo laboratory experts. Jaroslav Smit, born of Czech parents in Java, made his way through Mackenzie's secondary school as an immigrant boy, became an electronics expert, and now has returned to the science faculty. The dean of the university, Dr. Henrique Pegado, is Argentine-born of Spanish parents, a Mackenzie graduate, and a naturalized Brazilian. "It's odd," he reflects, "that the United Nations struggles so to prove what we take for granted here, that all races can work together for the only worthwhile end—the advancement of civilization."

"Ironically, I'm almost the last North American," says Mackenzie's fifth president, Peter G. Baker, "and very likely the last North American president. But that is how it was planned and as it should be."





Main reading room of the library, which has its own building



Students of primary school operated by Mackenzie

U.S. traditions are zealously nurtured. In organization, campus atmosphere, and spirit, the school closely resembles our older private colleges. Its alumni association, unique in South America, fosters scholarships, awards prizes for honor students, and conducts an alert placement bureau for new graduates. Mackenzie engineers will tell you proudly how their school was technically a part of the University of the State of New York for many years before Brazil recognized privately sponsored professional courses, and all *mackenzistas* take pride in the scholarship standards that permit them to transfer without impediment to U.S. colleges. The number who do so make Mackenzie one of the strongest links between the two countries.

With few exceptions, Latin American universities are politically controlled; administrations and policies change often and drastically. Mackenzie, free of political vagaries, profits by continuity of direction and consistency of teaching.

Mackenzie was entirely U.S.-supported in its formative years, and George Chamberlain, when he gave the school its new campus in 1885, formed a board of trustees in New York to hold title to its property, now valued at twelve million dollars. But Chamberlain saw in the interest of Dom Pedro and other Brazilians that the college he dreamed of would in time outgrow its missionary status. The change has been gradual, and today active control has passed to an administrative council in São Paulo whose fifteen members include only four U.S. citizens.

Chamberlain's faith in the *paulistas* was concretely justified by a 1953 fund-raising campaign for new auditorium, laboratory, and academic buildings. Of three thousand contributions, only twenty were from U.S. sources. Ninety per cent came from the city's business and professional men, many of them Mackenzie graduates. They have also made major gifts such as Campo Cabuçú, a tract of 175 acres equipped with living quarters and laboratories for engineering field classes.

Another contribution is equally important. Mackenzie's large, highly qualified full-time staff is supplemented by São Paulo professional men who give up to half of their time to classes held on regular schedules.



Typing class in business school. Below: The chemistry laboratory





Gymnastics exhibitions are held on October 6—"Mackenzie Day." Below: Cheering section at athletic events is reminiscent of U.S. colleges



"But we will be many years repaying what the school has given to São Paulo," says Francisco de Salles Oliveira, graduate of Mackenzie and Yale, and now a top-flight engineer-industrialist. "Few of us realize how vitally Mackenzie has contributed to making this city the most dynamic economic force in South America."

That contribution was given its most fruitful direction by Horace Lane, Mackenzie's president until 1912. Lane asked himself the simple question "What does this region need most?"—then set out to provide it.

The first obvious need was primary teachers. He expanded the high school course to include teacher-training and brought to Brazil Miss Marcia P. Brown, a normal-school expert. The program was so effective that when São Paulo founded a public primary-school system the Escola Americana was taken as a model, Lane himself served as an adviser, and Miss Brown was engaged with four assistants to install North American methods.

When the world appetite for coffee began to soar in the late 1800's, São Paulo State, with its rich red earth, became the chief beneficiary. (It now produces 23 per cent of all coffee.) Lane saw that the virgin interior would have to be opened with railways, roads, new towns, and land developments. That meant a rising demand for civil engineers, and Lane began producing them in one of the new college's first courses. It also meant that the city's export business would expand phenomenally, so in 1890 he established Brazil's first commercial school to train secretaries, accountants, and foreign-trade correspondents. Many of the men who dominate the coffee trade today learned business fundamentals at Mackenzie.

His foresighted tailoring of Mackenzie courses to São Paulo's expanding requirements became the guiding policy of his successors, William A. Waddell and Benjamin Hunnicutt. The city's phenomenal growth began in the 1920's when, by a gigantic engineering feat, scores of streams were consolidated into the world's third most potent source of hydroelectric power. Factories transformed the coffee capital into South America's industrial dynamo. And again Mackenzie had anticipated the need with courses in electrical, chemical, industrial, and sanitary engineering and architecture. Its fully developed engineering school now has a teaching staff of sixty, and there are two jobs awaiting every graduate.

Another opportunity appeared in maturing industry's need for well-schooled intermediate workers—shop and laboratory technicians, draftsmen, and supervisors. Dr. Hunnicutt, then Mackenzie's president, saw that the material was available—and going to waste—in the many bright, ambitious boys who could not afford the time for college education. In 1932 he organized Brazil's first complete technical school at the high-school level. Along with a solid groundwork of mathematics, history, languages, and geography, the student got special training in electricity, mechanics, laboratory techniques, and industrial management. On graduation he was ready for a well-paid job that could lead to the executive level. Hundreds of young *paulistas*, who might have drifted untrained into makeshift lives, owe successful careers to the Escola Técnica.



Engineering students mark end of exams with celebrations on campus

The world is spotted with larger, richer, and more celebrated educational centers than Mackenzie. But look into the offices, factories, and laboratories of São Paulo today, count the Mackenzie men and women who contribute to its dynamic spirit, and you conclude that no school has ever served a people more fruitfully than this amazing outgrowth of Mary Chamberlain's generous impulse. ♦ ♦ ♦

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Inside back cover	Kurt Severin

who's crazy?

A short story by Ermilo Abreu Gómez
Illustrations by Martín Durbán



ON A PLEASANTLY WARM, sunny day two men arrived in the village of Santa Inés. Dirty and disheveled, they had obviously come a long way. Their ragged clothes were falling to pieces. On their shoulders they carried bindles that held their meager possessions—scraps of food, wild fruits and herbs. They looked like hobos or beggars. One was tall and robust, the other small and puny. The first had too much hair, the second too many bones. They seemed watchful and suspicious—like runaways. They stopped in front of Don Pancho's inn and, without speaking to anyone, went in and took a table. The big fellow clapped his hands twice and ordered food; the small one sat all hunched up and said nothing.

Don Pancho approached them warily, looked them over grudgingly, and was about to ask if they had any money when his wife, Doña Lola, as if she had read his mind, said:

"For Heaven's sake, don't be so stingy. Serve them. What's the difference whether they have money or not? No one should be denied a bit of bread. We're rich, and two bowls of soup less won't make us paupers."

Don Pancho muttered under his breath, then grumpily told the men to move closer to the fireplace, that he would serve them there. They brought up chairs, poked the coals, and, to warm themselves, took off their clumsy shoes and stretched out their arms and legs. How contentedly they yawned! At last they could rest.

Don Pancho came back and set two bowls of soup and a dish of steaming boiled potatoes under their noses. His wife did even more. She brought a bottle of wine and two glasses. And she poured the wine herself.

The men ate and drank till they could hold no more. During the meal the big fellow spieled off words this long, while the small one stayed perfectly quiet. When they had finished eating, they got up and went out to the porch. There they lay on the floor, lit their pipes, and smoked for hours and hours. Sometimes the big man whittled on the stick he was carrying. The little one gazed at the starry sky.

At midnight the innkeeper came to put out the lantern and close the inn door. When he saw that the men were sleeping, he thought of giving them a swift kick, waking them up, and telling them to get out of there. But his wife came up to him and said:

"Let them alone. How are they disturbing you? They must be dead tired. Heaven only knows where they've come from! Maybe from far away."

So the grumbling innkeeper left them in the doorway. Doña Lola threw a blanket over them so they wouldn't be cold.

At dawn the next day the innkeeper found only one of the tramps on the porch—the little one. He had already got up and dusted off his shoes, and was feeding bread crumbs to the birds. On seeing Don Pancho, he said:

"Listen, my friend, I know how to take care of livestock. Someone told me you have many animals. Don't you want them tended? You don't have to pay me; just give me a roof over my head. I'll forage for food."

Don Pancho was about to tell him to be on his way when his wife said:

"Tell him yes, because you do need help. Remember that never a week goes by that you don't have a sheep stolen or killed. This man may turn out fine and take good care of the pens. No harm can come of it."

Then Don Pancho, who was mistrustful but not stubborn, said to the little fellow:

"All right, stay. My wife will tell you what to do."

The man talked with Doña Lola. She explained his duties. Then he took his staff, went to the sheepfold, and from that time on tended the flocks.

He spent all day in the fields, going from one place to another. If he saw a sick or injured sheep, he healed it. Sometimes he would sit under a tree and play quaint old songs on a flute. The birds flying nearby would come and eat from his hand. At nightfall he put the flocks in the fold and quietly came to the inn porch. Doña Lola gave him a loaf of bread and a glass of wine. After eating, he lit his pipe, smoked a while, and then went to sleep. He slept like a baby.

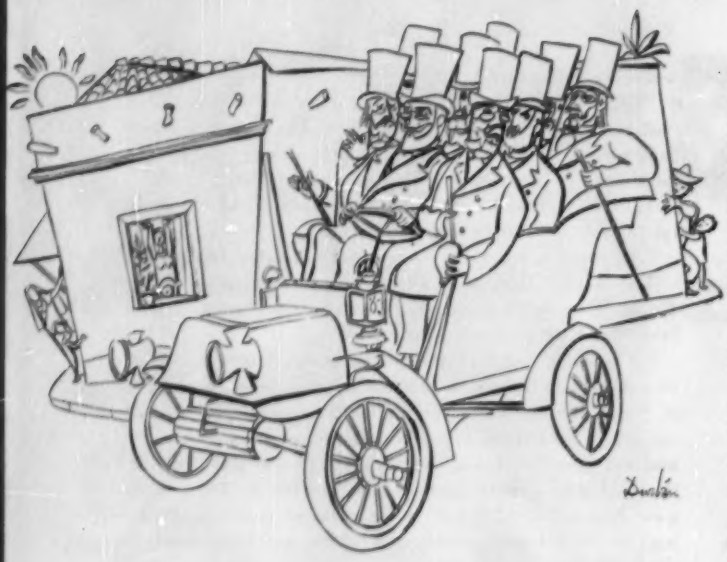
At the end of a week Doña Lola called her husband and spoke to him confidentially:

"Have you noticed? That man seems to sleep with his eyes open. How strange! And you see I was right. Since he's been working here not a single sheep has been lost. And I don't know how, but the flocks are even larger. We're richer than before."

Don Pancho just shrugged his shoulders. He didn't understand such things. He thought: "My wife has hallucinations."

Meanwhile, in the village, the other fellow—the tall one—spent his time doing crazy things. And he knew





how! He climbed trees, swung through the branches, destroyed nests, and beheaded birds. He cut off lizards' tails. Other times he clambered onto the rooftops and jumped to the ground like a cat. The young men admired him for these feats. He organized gangs of the bolder ones, to run through the patios and houses and steal fruit, chickens, and whatever else they could. He threw rocks at the police and didn't care if he hit them in the head. Finally they came to fear him. He became chief. Anyone who didn't obey him was beaten. He began to demand tolls from unwary travelers who passed through his territory. One *real* apiece. It really wasn't much. Soon he had "reformist" ideas and stood on a bench in the square shouting them. They were so clear that no one understood them. "The poor are poor and the rich are rich, and we should all get along together." The people applauded wildly.

At election time he was a candidate for alderman. He stole the ballot boxes and won by a majority. In the City Council he made glowing speeches about peace and drew his pistols. He was in control of the situation, and after a while they made him mayor. The governor of the province—a discreet man—asked his advice and plied him with gifts. The mayor gloried in the adulation, increased his power and also his wealth. He sported a tie clasp and a watch fob this big on his paunch. He soon had a double chin and shaved off his beard. He looked like a clay Buddha. Naturally no one spoke of his past.

Some time later there came to the village some gentlemen garbed in frock coats, silk hats, and spats, and carrying canes. They wore pince-nez with long black ribbons. Their faces were dour and sallow. They brought papers with stamps, signatures, and seals. By order of the government—according to what they said—they were looking for two escaped lunatics from the city insane asylum. There was more. They said that, from the information they had, they were sure that the madmen were living in the village. They asked around, but no one could tell them the whereabouts of any such people. Madmen in the village? Impossible! All the townspeople were sane. With that, the pompous gentlemen went to the mayor in hopes of better results. He said he didn't know anyone of that description either, and furthermore that he was alarmed at the idea of having lunatics in the vicinity.

"And you can be sure," he added, opening his eyes so, "that those madmen with delusions of grandeur are the most dangerous. You must be very careful with them. Not long ago there was one here who thought he was an apostle and redeemer, and I had to hang him. He was arousing the whole village."

The frock-coated gentlemen apologized for having bothered him and continued their search from house to house. But to no avail. Sweating and discouraged, they were about to go on to another village when they came to Don Pancho's inn. He received them fawning.

They were talking with him about the escaped lunatics when the little fellow who tended the flocks came up. He was limping and carrying an ailing sheep on his shoulders. Without looking at anyone, he gently laid the animal down, knelt beside it, and began to treat it. The gentlemen recognized him at once; they fell on him with handcuffs. In a moment they had him shackled and in a straitjacket. The poor creature didn't say a word. One of the gentlemen went over to Don Pancho and spoke quietly:

"Of the two lunatics we're looking for, this is the more dangerous. He thinks he's Saint Francis of Assisi and is compelled to honesty. The messes he's gotten us into! The other is a hapless fellow who thinks he's Alexander the Great, Napoleon, or Julius Caesar. I think he's dead, but if he's living, he'll just walk the streets begging. Give him something, because, if you refuse, he becomes violent." ◆ ◆ ◆



HEMISPHERE ON WHEELS

cars, trucks, and buses promise a brighter future



Argentines throng Avenida Santa Fe in Buenos Aires for antique auto parade on Students Holiday. Car in foreground is 1903 De Dion Bouton

Wallace B. Alig

WHEN SIEGFRIED MARCUS negotiated the streets of Vienna in 1865 on a contraption powered by a gasoline-burning engine with four-stroke cylinder action, propelled by its rear wheels, and steered from the front, he ushered in a juggernaut that was to overrun the world: the automobile. Before this new way to travel was introduced, there had been a number of self-propelled devices powered by steam, electricity, compressed air, and the like. There had even been a German creation as early as 1649 that operated on a clock spring—it was possible to ride for a quarter of an hour or so on one winding. But none had resembled what we know as the automobile today. Though Oliver Evans drove a self-propelled steam dredge in Philadelphia in 1805—called an "oruktor amphibolos," it was the first self-powered vehicle in America—it was not until 1892 in Springfield, Massachusetts, that Charles and Frank Duryea founded the car-manufacturing industry in this Hemisphere.

Since then there have been more than 2,700 American makes, almost all of U.S. origin. And the automobile—a term we use simply because the Académie Française made it official years ago to simplify matters when words like *autobat, autovia, autogen, autogo,* and so on, were vying for acceptance—has come to be as much a part of our lives as the clothes we wear. True for a long time in the United States, this is becoming more so every day in Latin America.

At present the United States accounts for 76 per cent of the world's passenger-car production. The country boasts 3,343,170 miles of paved roads and a total of 56,313,281 cars, trucks, and buses—one motor vehicle for every 2.8 people.

Compare this to Haiti, where there are 415 people for every automotive conveyance; to Honduras, where there are 316; to Paraguay, where there are 276. Uruguay, which heads the list in ratio of vehicles to population in Latin America, has one for every twenty-six people. Argentina, Mexico, and Brazil, all relatively industrialized countries, have one to each forty-three, sixty-one, and eighty-four, respectively.

Today, there are 2,305,884 cars, trucks, and buses in Latin America, with some 526,004 miles of roads. In many countries trucks and buses, rather than passenger cars, are perhaps most significant. For they represent



Automotive transportation has increased roadbuilding in the Americas. Trucks carry engineers over dirt roads on surveys



All kinds of bodies, like the wrecked plane fuselage in center, are mounted on chassis to make buses in Latin America

powerful tools in the economic and social development of the people, and have already usurped the role once played by the railroads. Everywhere the trend is toward cars and more cars. Auto registrations in Cuba, for example, have quadrupled over the past nine years. Every nation except Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, and El Salvador has one or two automobile clubs. Together they form the Federación Interamericana de Automóvil-Clubs (Inter-American Federation of Automobile Clubs), which meets regularly each year to discuss automotive problems in the member countries. One of its aims is uniformity of regulations to make international driving easier and safer.

As sports-car and hot-rod races have taken the Hemisphere by storm, a new generation of mechanically inclined youngsters has grown up simply because, for the first time in their lives, they have something more complex than an alarm clock to tinker with. Enthusiasts by the thousands turn out every year along the course of the Mexican Road Race from the Guatemala border to Texas. Farther south, Argentines zealously follow the progress of their "Grand Prix," which was run last October for the thirty-third time. (Their compatriot, Juan Manuel Fangio, is the world's champion sports-car driver.) Brazil runs its annual Gavea Road Race over a tricky, mountainous course in and about Rio.

Hand in hand with the rise of the automobile, bus, and truck has come an increase in roadbuilding throughout the Americas. The true importance of the widely publicized Pan American Highway, from the Texas border as far south as Argentina, is not that one will be able to drive from New York to Buenos Aires, but that more traffic and trade will flow between neighboring countries hitherto cut off from each other. Nowadays the emphasis is on improving farm-to-market arteries.

In Nicaragua the León-Managua Highway, still under construction, has already encouraged an expansion in cotton cultivation, and the El Tamarindo salt producers have discovered it offers a cheaper means of transportation to markets in those two cities. Between 1948 and 1953 Venezuela trebled its highway spending. Colombia has begun to pave many of the existing roads in its lush Cauca Valley; these convey to the interior goods imported through the Pacific port of Buenaventura, arrival point of some 60 per cent of the country's ocean shipping. Argentina, with one of the best highway systems in Latin America, although most of it is of unpaved, all-weather construction, has built four- and six-lane divided highways to help the flow of traffic from Buenos Aires to its principal suburbs; paved roads connect major agricultural areas (Córdoba and Rosario, for example) with the capital and its industries. The Argentine Automobile Club operates a chain of about a hundred service stations, equipped with radio intercommunication, repair shops, snack bars, and rest rooms, throughout the country from El Bolsón in the west to Posadas in the northeast and from Buenos Aires, with its luxurious headquarters building, to Salta in the extreme north. In Brazil, an up-to-date express road, the President Dutra



Trucks have assumed the role formerly played by railroads in the Hemisphere



Scarcity of buses results in overcrowding in many cities, such as Havana. Cuba has forty people per vehicle on its roads

scrupulous rackets have sprung up. In Buenos Aires, taxicabs are scarce and those available are in poor condition, simply because problems of exchange prohibit new-car imports. Besides, automobiles are still basically a rich man's privilege in Latin America, with the lowest-price U.S. models bringing three thousand dollars in Lima and ten thousand in Santiago. To meet this problem of high cost, several large European and U.S. manufacturers have opened assembly plants in a number of countries.

True, many middle-income families—in Brazil, for example—are investing in new European or used U.S. cars, often skimping on other things to be able to afford one. Automobiles are treated with such tender loving care that even in Rio, where water shortages are frequent, many people wash them every day.

Elsewhere, as in Honduras and Colombia, terrain is



Sports car races, like the Buenos Aires Grand Prix, are followed avidly today from Canada to the Straits of Magellan

Highway, is a boon to commerce between Rio and São Paulo. Also, traffic from Santos, the biggest coffee port in the world, to São Paulo is whisked along the four-lane, divided Via Anchieta, a masterpiece of mountain road-building with splendid scenery along the way. Mexico, which has long had three fine main routes to the U.S. border, recently opened a four-lane toll road between the Federal District and Cuernavaca and has built over eight thousand miles of new roads since 1948; annual expenditures for the purpose have risen from less than three hundred million pesos in 1948 (about $43,500,000 at the rate of exchange then in effect) to more than six hundred million (some $54,000,000) in 1953. Bolivia has a new three-hundred-mile road between Santa Cruz and Cochabamba (see AMERICAS, June 1954).

These are but a few of the projects under way all over the Hemisphere. Yet a number of factors operate against full development of road transportation. One of the most glaring is car-import restrictions, which have curious consequences. In Brazil, for example, where 60 per cent of the income derived from coffee production is currently going for petroleum (much of it used for automotive purposes) and its by-products, a number of unit a limiting factor. Lofty mountains, vast plains, and deserts make unusual demands on highway engineers and cars alike (such roads as there are often resemble those of the United States thirty years ago), but most can be taken care of by modern construction methods. Cost, however, is another story—the magnificent new La Guaira-Caracas *autopista* cost six million dollars a mile. On the other hand, roadbuilding requires relatively little foreign exchange, and its rewards are inestimable. If mountainous Bolivia, for example, had better automotive transportation, domestic rice would not be more expensive than the imported variety in La Paz, the capital (rice grown in Caranavi, about a hundred miles away, costs about half as much again as that brought in from outside the country). The same holds true for Brazil, which still imports much of its coal from England because transporting it from local sources would be more costly.

What the automobile means to the Hemisphere, then, is much more than simply a way to get around. It offers man the greatest freedom of movement he has ever known, and with that freedom a chance to help himself toward a higher standard of living. ◆ ◆ ◆

played by railroads in the Hemisphere



a word with

LOUIS BROMFIELD

"YOU MIGHT SAY I'm a born writer. I've been at it since I was very young: my first book, *The Green Bay Tree*, was published thirty years ago."

So said Louis Bromfield, who recently lectured on economics at the Pan American Union. (His was one of a series of talks by outstanding men of letters sponsored by the Department of Cultural Affairs; a few weeks earlier, Robert Frost had read and discussed his poetry.) I went to see Mr. Bromfield in his suite at the Mayflower Hotel, taking care to arrive fifteen minutes ahead of time since I knew how he feels about punctuality.

He is a tall man with a round, affable face, a measured voice, and a pleasant manner. He is brown, as befits one who has spent much time in the open, and at the corners of his eyes are fine wrinkles from squinting at the sun. When he settled into an easy chair, I noticed that he was wearing Texas boots. The author of many novels and several plays, he is also known for his writings on agriculture and for his famous model farm, Malabar, in Ohio, which every year is visited by more than twenty thousand people from all parts of the world.

I asked him: "From the literary point of view, which of your books do you consider the best?"

"Unlike some writers, I have no favorites. They're all different, and I like each one in its way."

"What are you writing now?" I said, knowing that he is a very prolific writer and that by the time a book of his is published he is already working on one or two more.

"At present I am devoting myself mostly to works on philosophy and agriculture."

Mr. Bromfield has traveled widely in Europe and Asia and has visited some of the Latin American countries. After serving during the First World War in the U.S. Ambulance Corps, attached to the French Army, he stayed on in France for many years. Near Paris he established a model farm, the precursor of Malabar, where on weekends he entertained prominent literary figures. I wondered whether his travels had been undertaken for the purpose of collecting material for his novels.

"Not exactly. I travel for pleasure, and any material I gather is something on the side."

"During the years you lived in France did you consider yourself a literary exile?"

"Not at all. I am a cosmopolitan by nature and I feel at home wherever I live. I'm interested primarily in people, whatever their race, color, or creed. I have many friends everywhere—in India, for example, where I spent some time. Malabar Farm is named for the southwestern coast of India."

Mr. Bromfield went on to say that he has been in Latin America several times. In Brazil, a country he is very fond of, he has a large farm administered by his younger daughter and her U.S. husband. Possibly because I am a Latin American, he described Lima as a delightful city. He has also been in Panama and Costa Rica. As perhaps another bow to my Central American origin, he remarked that Costa Rica is a beautiful country and that its people are very good-looking. He added that he is planning a more extended tour of Central America, Mexico, and other Latin American nations.

"Who are your favorite writers, classical and modern?"

"Thackeray among the first, Rebecca West among the second."

"Are the characters in your novels taken from real life?"

"A few; most are fictitious."

Mr. Bromfield's works have been translated into a number of languages, and some have been filmed. On some of the translations he says he is not qualified to pass judgment, but in general he thinks they have been good. He liked the movie versions of both *The Rains Came* and *Mrs. Parkington*.

"In an article published in AMERICAS in October 1954, Louis Untermeyer said that U.S. poets do not have readers. What do you think of the present state of literature in the United States?"

"Not much, I must admit. In general the novels are mediocre. There are very few talented young writers. Most write under pressure of one kind or another. It would be impossible to point out goals for new writers —that depends on their individual temperaments. Success lies in writing with sincerity. One characteristic of the United States is a tendency toward overspecialization. Thinkers are partial; their focus is too materialistic. A common error is to confuse civilization with plumbing or automobiles."

Mr. Bromfield believes that his own literary generation



—which includes Robert Frost, Ernest Hemingway (who he says richly deserved the Nobel Prize), and other noted writers—is the one that has had the greatest influence on U.S. literature. He added that a book, when there is time to read it, leaves a more lasting impression on the public than radio or television.

While we were on the subject of *The Old Man and the Sea*, the Hemingway work laid in Cuba and with Cuban characters, I asked Mr. Bromfield whether he thinks writers ought to travel and to choose foreign themes for their works in order to give them universal scope. He did not regard it as necessary. "Take the Brontë sisters. They hardly ever left their village, yet they created universal characters."

He believes that art should not have a deliberate social aim, that indirect influence is much more effective. As for literature, "all 'reform' books are bad." The machine age *per se* means little to him; he is more interested in human beings. What did he think of Sherwood Anderson's opinion that the great tragedy of the twentieth century is "the loss of the tradition of craftsmanship"? He did not consider it as serious as all that; in a sense, the machine has been a blessing to the poor, for handmade articles are very costly. He prefers evolution to revolution in art, architecture, music—"but always based on tradition; when that is lacking the result is grotesque."

Mr. Bromfield reads magazines and newspapers avidly, but only to keep abreast of the times. Like Unamuno, he resents them because they steal time he might devote to books or to his own writing. I asked about his method of writing, and he replied that he has no system or schedule, that he writes in every free moment, spurred only by love of the work and ever conscious of how little time there is for it. He once wrote a novel, *Bobbed Hair*, in collaboration with nineteen other authors, but this was just for fun.

His interests? He likes ballet—classical particularly, modern if it is exceptionally fine. His taste in music is also classical, and he likes Latin American and above all Spanish music: "There is no bad Spanish music, it's all good." He enjoys participating in sports, especially swimming and skiing, but detests spectator sports. He leads a very active life, he said.

His personality is summed up, he said, in his love for country life, farming, and animals, particularly dogs. (He has three—Rex, who is also called Stinker; Sophie; and Rocky—and once said: "My dogs do not sleep with me; I sleep with my dogs.")

Since he was meeting friends in the lobby for lunch, we went downstairs together. In the elevator I observed that he was still wearing his cowboy boots.—*Adolfo Solórzano Díaz*



In patchwork diving suit, fisherman descends into icy water for choros *(salt-water mussels)*

diving for dinner

ADVENTURE OFF THE COAST OF PERU

Robert A. Levey

Illustrations by A. Brockie Stevenson

TO BRING IN one of Peru's tastiest delicacies, local fishermen must don diving suits. Clams can be dug, oysters and scallops dredged from their beds, but the blue-shelled salt-water mussels known as *choros* will yield to no such simple procedure. They cling stubbornly to jagged rocks, often ten to fifty feet below the surface. The intrepid diver who seeks them must face the perils of sudden atmospheric changes that frequently blanket the coast with heavy fog and of swirling icy waters branching off erratically from the Humboldt Current. The razor-sharp rocks themselves are a constant threat to his suit, and a rip could prove fatal.

What makes the mussels worth the trouble? Compared to the staple varieties of fish, they bring attractive prices—three soles (about twenty cents) a dozen for the largest, two soles (about thirteen cents) for the medium size, and one sol fifty centavos (about ten cents) for the smallest. Earnings are good when the weather is favorable, but when rough seas force the men back early, the take is small. Only a few teams of four ply the trade, which is traditionally a family calling.

But from the gourmet's point of view, there can be no doubt that the prize is worth the risks. Sprinkled with chopped onion, shredded red-hot pepper, and a dash of lime juice, *choros* make many a Peruvian smack his lips. This simple but fiery dish is found in practically every bar and grocery store along the coast, as well as in more

fashionable sea-food restaurants, and a glass of beer comes in handy to quench the flames.

A Frenchman named Pierre, whom I met in a Lima restaurant, introduced me to the flavor of *choros* in a variety of guises—*au gratin, en casserole,* and in *sopa de choros,* the local version of clam chowder, which, along with small, crusty rolls hot and crisp from the corner bakery, makes a hearty meal.

Pierre was well acquainted with the fishermen, for he was apparently one of their best customers. On our first encounter, noticing my interest in the mussels he was consuming with so much gusto, he invited me to come along on a diving trip with his friends.

Early next morning we made our way to the Fishermen's Wharf in the port of Callao, usually a noisy, bustling place filled with all sorts of odors. But it was too soon for the boats to bring in their catches of bonito, corvina, mullet, silver smelts, drum, several species of sharks, and *choros,* and the market was deserted except for a few women and the ever-present street urchins.

We joined Manuel Serna and his three brothers beside their squat, duck-bellied, open-deck boat. It was littered with all kinds of debris, which I later found was put to good use. Manuel pointed to another similar craft and its crew of four. "My cousins," he explained.

Pierre and I sat on piles of rope as the boat got under way, passing the modern breakwater that has made Callao the best port on South America's west coast and heading for the open sea. Manuel's brothers, Enrique, Pedro, and César, waved to the occupants of a third boat that followed in our wake. More cousins, probably.

As we passed one tip of the old harbor installations, the "Muelle Darsens," built by French engineers in 1879, a fat pelican perched on a corroded old bronze beacon looked at us sleepily and sank his pouch deeper into the folds of his belly.

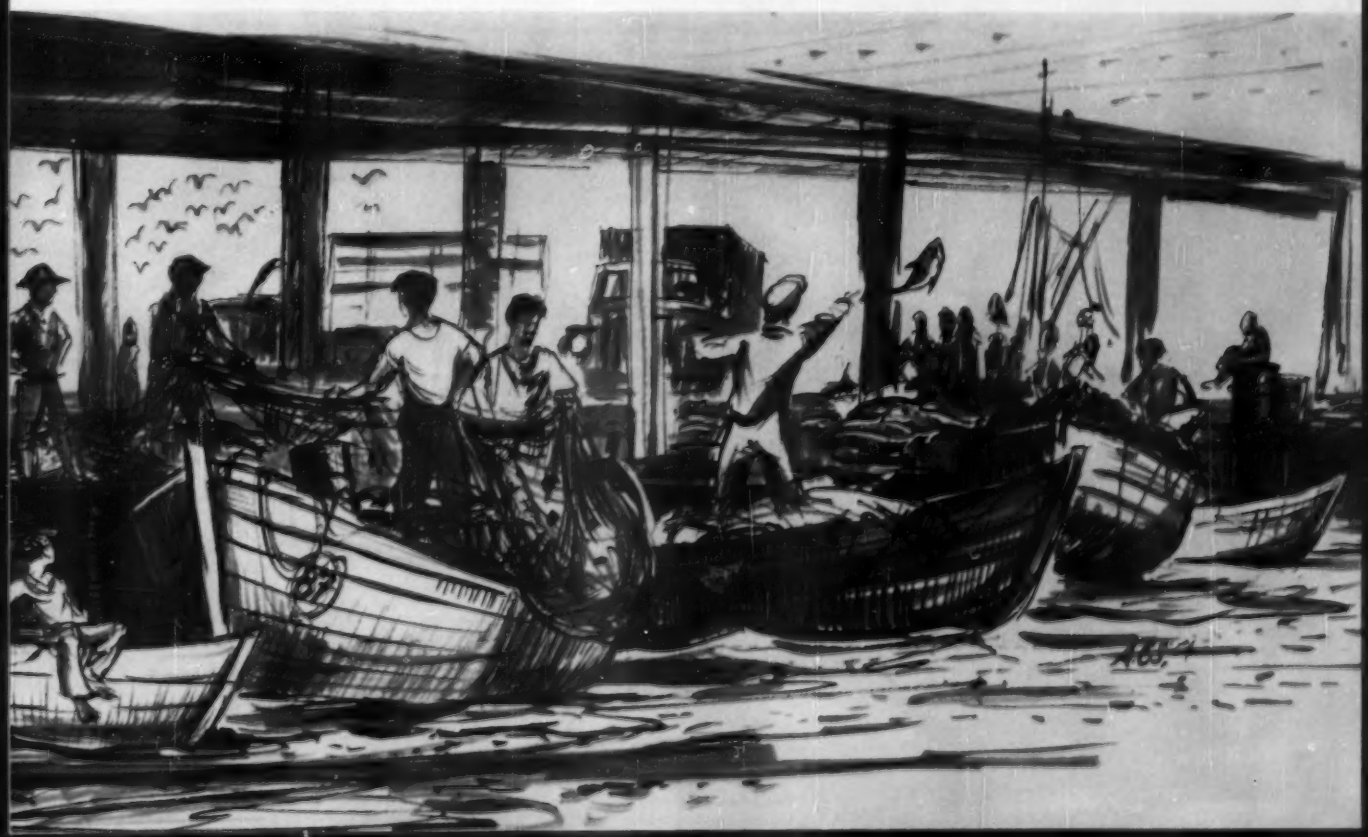
Moments later, we ran into the biggest ground swells I had ever seen. The results were most unpleasant, not so much because of the waves themselves as on account of the gasoline fumes that blew into my face from a most injudiciously placed exhaust pipe poking out of the 1928 Chevrolet auto engine. Whichever way I retreated, the fumes came back at me. The swells looked as if they would swamp us, but the squat hull rode them like a resting gull, and only a slight spray reached the open deck. Whoever built the craft certainly knew his business. That is essential in this region, for the sudden squalls that blow up without warning would mean disaster to a less cleverly designed boat.

On our left we passed sandbars gleaming yellow through the shallow water. Near here, according to legend, parts of Old Callao, overwhelmed by a catastrophic tidal wave centuries ago, can be seen on bright summer days when the water is glassy smooth.

The island of San Lorenzo hove into view, but we turned away from it. This is the "Peruvian Alcatraz," a barren hump where the government maintains a penal colony. It is not considered wise to approach too close, for the guards are ever vigilant against possible escape attempts, even though the extremely swift current near the bleak mound is a formidable barrier to any swimmer.

We made for a cluster of blackened, cracked rocks that

At Fishermen's Wharf in Callao, choros *command a higher price than ordinary sea food*



jutted out of the foam about a mile north of the island, liberally frosted with the droppings of the guanay birds, the black-and-white cormorants of the Peruvian coast. Along with pelicans and boobies, these sea birds over the centuries made deposits of rich guano hundreds of feet deep on many of the islands. The taking of this valuable fertilizer had been rigidly controlled by the Incas, as it is again today, after shameful, destructive exploitation of the deposits in colonial times.

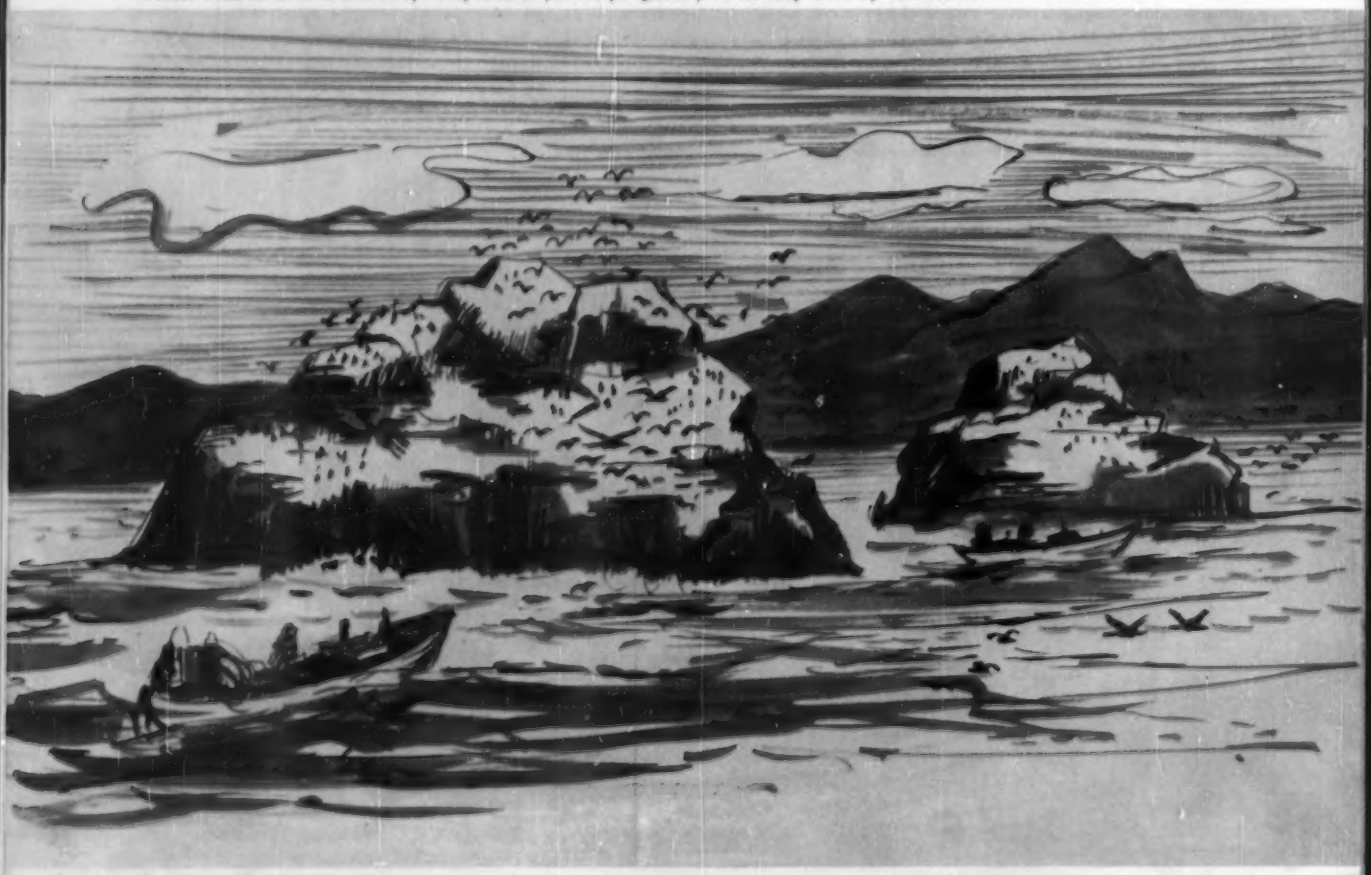
Here the water was a deep blue and icy cold, and a strong hen-house aroma hung about the place. Loose feathers filled the water near the rocks. Now and then groups of the birds left their nests to dive for anchovies, the principal item in their diet. Their shrill cries mingled with the hoarse roar of sea lions, apparently after bigger game.

About three miles and two hours out of Callao, we stopped and threw out two anchors, to keep the boat from swinging onto the rocks. Manuel prepared for action, donning a wool union suit made of every color of yarn imaginable, two wool sweaters, a long pair of heavy woolen socks, and one of those Inca-style caps with ear flaps that are standard equipment in the frosty villages that cling to the slopes of the Andes. The diving suit itself was a sea-going retread if ever there was one. Originally, it must have been a manufactured affair, but there was little evidence of it now. Made of black rubber, it was dotted with dozens of red blow-out patches that made it look like a masquerade costume. Enrique strapped a pair of lead weights on his brother's feet, while César and Pedro dropped the helmet into place—battered and dented as if it had come out second-best in an encounter with some sea monster. There must have been at least an eighth of an inch of open space between helmet and breastplate, but Pedro was not upset. He reached down and picked up a few wool rags that Manuel had neglected to wind around his body and stuffed them into the crack. "O.K. now," he announced, and went on to explain that the air pressure would keep out the water. I took his word for it, for nothing could induce me to find out for myself, even in six feet of warm water.

Manuel went over the side as the dilapidated air pump squeaked, groaned, and otherwise protested. It was an amazing contraption held together by bent nails, cotter pins, and a jumble of baling wire. But it worked. For sheer guts, I thought, these Peruvian *choro* gatherers have it over most men who make a living from the sea.

The first basket of mussels came up dripping, trailing a few streamers of seaweed and exuding a pungent, briny smell. This was certainly a place of smells. The mussels

Mussel beds lie amid a cluster of rocky islands famous for guano fertilizer deposited by cormorants





Squat boats used by mussel fishermen ride dangerous swells easily

were of all sizes, up to four or five inches in diameter. The largest were encrusted with barnacles, green rock weed, and even multilegged marine worms that wriggled off onto the deck.

Up and down went the basket, and the piles grew higher and higher as César sorted out the different sizes. He selected a big one and opened it. It had a marked sea odor, a combination of brine and ocean chemicals. I sniffed, and César read my thoughts. "Iodine," he explained, "very good, lots of vitamins." He squirted the juice from half a lime on the contents of the shell and downed it in one gulp.

Manuel came up from time to time for minor adjustments on his equipment, and finally called it a day after a total working session of five hours in what must have been close to freezing temperatures. He was damp when he kicked off the patched suit and peeled off the layers of clothing beneath, and his teeth were chattering. A stiff drink of *pisco*, the wonderful Peruvian grape brandy, soon remedied this condition.

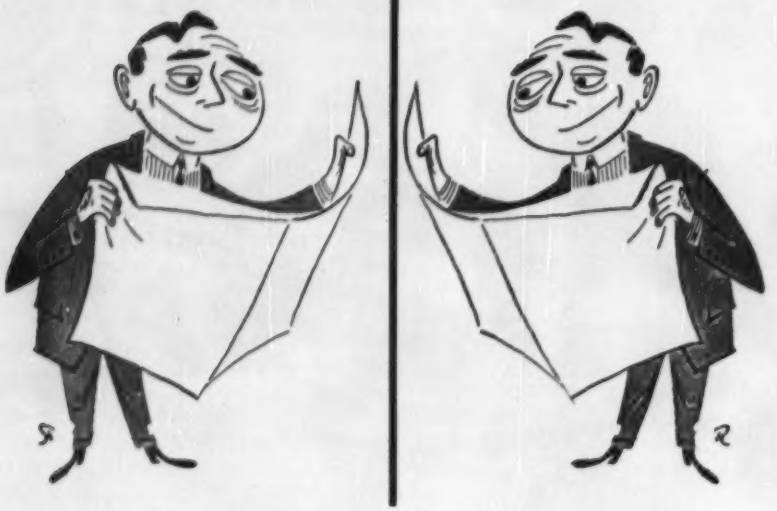
The return trip was considerably smoother than the outward voyage. The sun was shining brightly, promising another warm January day. Now, some eight hours after we had started out, the Fishermen's Wharf rang with noise as trucks backed up to load and basket-laden burros waited their turn.

The place never looked better to me as I swung onto its wet cement floor, dripping with piles of fish and shellfish and washed down from time to time with sea water. I narrowly missed stepping on a huge liver that emerged from a slit just cut in the side of an evil-looking hammerhead shark by a stocky, smiling Indian woman. I was in no mood for liver of any variety by this time, so I picked out a few dozen of the *choros* our boat had brought in and thanked Manuel, César, Enrique, Pedro, and Pierre. I politely declined an invitation for another trip the following week, and with reason. I felt it would take at least twice that long to rid my lungs of the exhaust fumes and restore my innards to normalcy. ♦ ♦ ♦



Friday afternoon at the Wharf—the busiest day of the week

points of view



WASTED PITY

SOME PEOPLE go to the movies to rest or to escape from their daily cares. Many identify themselves so completely with what happens on the screen that they weep heartbrokenly when misfortune befalls the hero or heroine. Hernando Téllez recently published an analysis of such audience reaction in *El Nacional*, a Caracas daily:

"The picture recounted the same old story of a North American girl, just like so many millions of twenty-year-old North American girls—a blue-eyed blonde, with a tilted nose, not very tall, with hips just full enough to contrast geometrically with her tiny waist. The plot lacked novelty and depth in . . . its psychological treatment, which was probably the fault of the script writer, the director, and the translators. They all seemed to have agreed on an exceptionally trivial production, saturated with the most trifling and demagogic sentimentalism. . . . The young heroine suffered all the emotional grievances and hardships of an insignificant soul, flattered by the cloying foolishness of paternal love. . . . A great actor . . . and a deplorable actress . . . reconstructed the inconsequential inanities of a so-called typical middle-class family. In this apt setting the girl's . . . amorous misfortune affected the whole audience. There was a moment when she . . . fell weeping into the arms of her noble, magnanimous father. . . . Such large, unmistakable tears came to his eyes that smothered cries of grief were torn from the breasts of many members of the audience. Handkerchiefs came out of pocketbooks, at least in the row where I sat like a chunk of ice . . . , indignant at the movie's stupidity and the audience's odd commiseration. . . .

"Actually, many of those people who were unable to view calmly the filmed spectacle of a trivial emotional misunderstanding were, on the other hand, completely indifferent to . . . tremendous collective horrors such as the war in Vietnam . . . , the hunger in Greece . . . , the misery in India . . . , or the shootings and torture that are daily occurrences in countless places throughout the world. . . .

"It seems to me that this double-edged psychology must . . . have deep roots somewhere in our contemporary civilization. Could it perhaps be a consequence of the worship of the individual that has become almost a religion? . . . Collective atrocities and mass misfortunes are commonly judged to be quantitative, rather than qualitative, in nature. . . . So commiseration is possible only toward individuals. . . . Why? This question can be answered very easily be referring to the law of human egoism. . . .

" 'Why are you crying?' I was about to ask the lady next to me. I refrained, of course. It would have been an intolerable insult. She was crying over the unimportant personal misfortune of the movie heroine. 'Why are you moaning over there in the corner?' I wanted to shout to those who had been unable to suppress their pity for the girl who had been deceived by a Don Juan. 'Don't you know there are many more valid reasons for becoming so upset?' And in my mind I began . . . to tell them of the miseries of the tortured, the mutilated, the unjustly imprisoned, the persecuted, the enslaved. . . . That certainly was real misery, I thought, an absolute, collective misery for which all mankind is responsible; misery worthy of the lady's tears. But what did she know of what had happened or was happening in the vague realm of the collective and historic, if the personal and the individual . . . here in the theater were temporarily spared? In fact, what did the majority of the people there know about this?

"A very direct and unmistakable 'ssh, ssh' made me realize that my imagination had played a dirty trick on me. . . . I had spoken some of my protest aloud. 'Throw him out!' cried an indignant spectator. Countless voices repeated, 'Ssh, ssh.' The collective conscience had awakened, threatening to punish my audacity. It was at least a beginning. . . ."

THESE CHANGING TIMES

IN A "Sunday Vignette," a regular feature appearing in the Havana *Diario de la Marina*, Eladio Secades mourns the passing of a custom from the contemporary social scene. His easy, pleasantly meandering style of writing is in itself reminiscent of the idle conversations of days gone by:

"The courtesy call is disappearing from Cuban family life. . . . Rocking-chair chats are a thing of the past. . . . Nowadays visits are rarely made. And they're never repaid. In my childhood . . . friends exchanged visits, and neighbors little dishes of dessert. The popularity of rice pudding is due to the *criollo* pride in never rebuffing

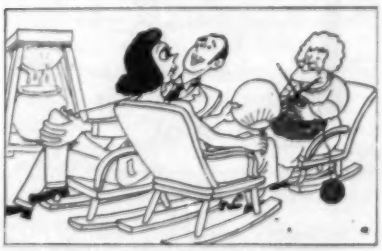
next-door neighbors.

"It used to be that one day the grumbling old lady would decide to dress up. In those days dressing up was a complicated procedure of rummaging through the closet and ending up in a bad humor. It began with the chemise. The whalebone corset. Which made the lady look like an orthopedic advertisement. . . . White stockings. Morning-glory phonographs. With the little dog sniffing. As if some other dog had been there. . . .

"The family left the house piecemeal. First the older sister. Then the little girls. The mother appeared all powdered up. . . . And the brother who was almost a doctor. Then the father made his appearance in a stiff collar, string tie, and white vest. . . . How well Don Ramón looks! Passing years don't change him. A friend would jokingly say that his wife had better be careful. . . . The girls' father would smile. But would remember that this was his usual time for reading the papers. To put on his slippers. And to scratch his feet. . . .

"And the Negro maid. With an immaculate little uniform. She passed the tray around. With little glasses of sweet wine. You just had to feel a little sorry for the shy gentleman visitor. He didn't know where to set the glass. Afterward he burned his fingers. He didn't know where to put the cigarette stub. On leaving he shook hands with everyone. But he had to come back. Because he'd forgotten his straw hat. The type who at the last minute recalled the I-was-going-home-without-my-head joke. The girls' laughter was recompense for his timidity. . . .

"The lover's frequent visits were a sort of insinuation. Now matrimony is a goal with no truce period for thinking it over. Without notes slipped under the door. . . . We used to know that Juan was interested in Rosa, because he came often. To come often was to come with honorable intentions. The sofa creaked as usual. He counted the beams in the ceiling. . . . But they didn't speak of love. Today's young people have no idea of what those visits were like. Always on the same day. At the same time. . . .



Such scenes are no longer part of Cuban family life.—Diario de la Marina, *Havana*

"There is nothing worse than a daytime visitor. When they knock on the door, we think it's a bill collector. But it's Luisa coming to offer her condolences on the death of a relative three months ago. You don't know how sorry she is. But putting it off from one day to another. Conventional greetings in the living room. . . . Within there are complaints. Doors that are closed. Because the girls are wandering around in their slips. . . . One says to the other: 'You go talk to her.' And she protests: 'Why does it always have to be me?' In the case of these unexpected daytime visits an old-fashioned Cuban lady has a very good solution. She takes off her house slippers. She throws on a little dress. . . . And the poor woman comes out with a so-glad-to-see-you attitude that she doesn't feel. . . .

"There also used to be ladies who knew when a visitor was coming. Because a spoon fell. There was the amusing friend who talked a lot. Looking at himself in the mirror. And being careful of the crease in his pants. And the bore. Who didn't talk at all. And the couple who brought their son who had reached the difficult age. . . . He wants to leave when we've just arrived. And he wants to stay when we're leaving. This is the age for playing cowboys in the living room. . . .

"Perhaps visits are becoming passé because apartments aren't suitable for those . . . delightful little parties. Apartment houses are the modern way of living together without getting in each other's way. . . . Our voices bring us together even though walls separate us. We can have different ideas. But we always have the same stairway . . . which is inevitably dirty. And smells of a cat that doesn't belong to anybody. Now families prefer a peaceful existence. Don't let the people across the hall show up to watch boxing on the television. Enough is enough. The girls settle down to canasta. The men to dominoes. Neighbors who wouldn't notice each other if it weren't for the uproar when they give a party. What a phenomenon!"

INVITATION TO MURDER

IN AN ARTICLE in *Asomante*, Puerto Rican literary quarterly, Manuel Rojas, eminent Chilean novelist and short-story writer, expounds a pet theory for improving Spanish American prose:

"I invite my friends the Spanish American prose writers . . . to commit a bloodless, premeditated, and highly utilitarian murder, a literary assassination. Let's kill the metaphor. . . . Why kill literature's butterflies, orchids, and flamingos? Because they are mere adornments, nothing more.

"The metaphor is just a trick the writer uses when he runs out of concrete words to express his thoughts. I refer to the prose writer only, since the poet must express an emotion in as little time and space as possible, and the only way to do this is to resort to metaphors. . . .

"Why use metaphors indiscriminately? Each one . . . steals space from more valuable elements—the beauty of description, the penetration of psychological study, the delightful and skillful play of thought. My friends, let's make our literatures outstanding for their richness in these elements. Let's show that we can abstain from using metaphors. . . .

"The prose writer . . . who relies too heavily on metaphors may have three faults. First, he may have very little to say; second, he may have very little expressive talent . . . ; third, he may think the metaphor dresses up his prose and thus makes it good. . . . Good prose doesn't need adornments, and bad prose only becomes worse when decorated.

"Another bad feature of the metaphor is that it's so ephemeral. Each literary epoch . . . has distinguishing metaphors that disappear when another era comes along. The novelist or short-story writer who fills his pages with metaphors in current usage runs the risk of having his books seem rancid and out of date in a few years. . . .

"Some of you will ask how we can abandon the rosy-fingered dawn. I

have an answer. How many centuries has that been going on? No one knows. It's been so long that we don't even know whether there really was a man named Homer. It was the dawn of the world and of man, of literature and of thought. If for no other reason than its venerable old age, that dawn had the right to display fingers of any color it chose. Aside from this, it was a question of poetry and had nothing to do with the prose writers I am addressing here. . . .

"Arise, my friends, wring the flamingo's neck, strip the leaves from the orchid, and kill the butterfly with cyanide . . . and we'll be rid of the undergrowth that sometimes blocks the paths of Spanish American literature.

"However, I know it's almost like talking to thin air. The metaphor is so tempting . . . and some readers and mediocre literature professors like it so much. Besides, it's a big help to lazy writers. You're having trouble expressing yourself. You're confronted with a difficult description or a complex personality. . . . What do you do? Quickly pull an orchid, a butterfly, or a flamingo out of your sleeve. You're out of trouble, perhaps, but you haven't solved the problem by your own skill. . . . Is that achievement worth less than the approval of an ordinary reader or an unimaginative professor?

"Let's not worry about writing prettily with lots of trifles. . . . Can't you offer more than that? If not, go home and stop writing. . . . The readers want us to describe beings and objects, animals and trees, as they are and not as metaphors make them appear. . . . They are asking for thoughts, reflections, emotions, and sensitive mental reactions of the men of our lands, their feeling for and relation to life and nature. Just that. Give as much as you can. Keep the rest, or throw it into the nearest river. . . .

"How many literary resources are available to you? Count them, and you'll see they are many. You can give your sentences and paragraphs the rhythm you like best or the one most expressive of the feeling you're trying to invoke. You can use suggestion, which is worth more than metaphors because it expresses more from the emotional standpoint. You can submerge yourself and your reader in a whirlpool of ideas, descriptions, explanations, and speculations. . . .

"When you feel fenced in and have searched heaven and earth, it may be useless to go on looking for the phrase you need. Possibly it doesn't exist. . . . Then, and only then, take out a metaphor and use it. If it's original and vigorous, not perishable or trite, it will light up your work. But only one. If you use a lot . . . your work will fall into shadow.

"I don't know if I've convinced you. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. In any case, now you know, my friends, that I'm here waiting, machete in hand."

ANTE LA "CRITICA" SITUACION — Por RINCON



"Maestro, that egg looks awful; why not use a model?" "Do you think if I could buy one I wouldn't eat it?"—The "critical" situation as depicted by Rincón in El Tiempo, *Bogotá*

WHAT'S IN AN INSTINCT?

IN A COLUMN in *Correio da Manhã*, Rio de Janeiro daily, Pimentel Gomes repeated a conversation he had had during a coffee break with Apegauá, an imaginary friend. First they discussed the whys and wherefores of bees' knowledge of mathematics, pointing out that each cell in the hive is the product of the labors of a succession of different bees, that it is made without confusion, wasted motion, or mistakes, and that we have no idea how the set-up is organized. The friend goes on from there:

" 'But there is an apprenticeship. Bees aren't born knowing how to build perfect cells. There have been experiments along this line.'

" 'And so . . .'

" '. . . We must conclude that there's a lot we don't know about bees. . . .'

" 'I think there must be some mistake, Apegauá. It must all be instinctive. It has nothing to do with intelligence.'

" 'Then we would have to begin by actually defining instinct. It isn't unalterable and blind, as naturalists of the past used to think.'

" 'I don't believe it.'

" 'But it's true. In proof of what I say, there have been experiments with bees, canaries, and so on.'

" 'With canaries? What about them?'

" 'There are European canaries that . . . have been raised in cages for some two or three centuries.'

" 'Poor things!'

" 'They even reproduce in cages. The nests are man-made. The birds soon find the nests, lay the eggs, and raise the offspring.'

" 'So far, so good.'

" 'In the spring they put some males and females out to build their own nests under normal conditions.'

" 'And then?'

" '. . . Some pairs spend six weeks trying to build a nest.'

" 'Six weeks? And do they finally succeed?'

" 'You have to be especially generous to call the result of so much effort a nest. They pile up many different materials. There isn't even a hollow where they can lay the eggs.'

" 'So?'

" 'Naturally the eggs roll out and break.'

" 'Interesting.'

" 'However, the next year they make some progress.'

" 'How?'

" 'There is a place in the pile of twigs, barely deep enough for one or

O caso é outro



Há muito nota a falta de um botão no teu paletó. Por que não te casas?
Não é caso para casamento mas sim para divórcio...

"That button's been off your jacket for a long time. Why don't you get married?" "That's grounds for divorce, not marriage." —Careta, *Rio de Janeiro*

two eggs and the little bird's belly.'

" 'That's progress.'

" 'The third year . . . the hollow is deeper and more spacious. They spend less time building the nest. They save both time and material.'

" 'Okay. Go on.'

" 'The fifth year the nest is very much like those of wild canaries. Besides, they build it in little more than a day and a half.'

" 'And at the beginning they worked six weeks! Good headway.'

" 'The sixth year the female canaries . . . make a perfect nest in just a day and a half.'

" 'And your conclusions?'

" 'I'd rather let your readers draw their own. In any case, I think the experiments prove that instinct isn't blind. . . . The canaries learned to build nests by building them. . . . There are many other experiments that destroy the old idea about instincts. . . . Drink your coffee now. . . .' "

WORLD MENACE

MOST OF US THINK of comic books as peculiar to the U.S.A., but it seems they have been disseminated throughout the world to such an extent that they are causing as much controversial discussion in other sectors as they have here. Alberto André reported his views in the *Revista do Globo*, bi-monthly magazine published in Pôrto Alegre, capital of the state of Rio Grande do Sul in Brazil:

"During the 'First Good-Reading Week' the people of Rio Grande do Sul vehemently denounced pseudo-literature for children, with special emphasis on the comic books that have been corrupting and dis-educating the younger generations for the past ten years. . . . No nation, no professors, no responsible people in private or public life, fail to grasp the extent of the evil and the tremendous risk involved when our young people substitute comic books for true literature.

"All Brazil feels the consequences. Sporadic efforts have already been undertaken in branches of the federal government. Deputy Aarão Steinbruch of Rio Grande do Sul introduced a bill in Congress whereby it would be possible for the Ministries of Justice and Education to destroy the evil at the roots.



The Sad Tale of an Onion.—Fon Fon, *Rio de Janeiro*

"The situation is, so to speak, universal. . . . The drawings are sent throughout the world, and, in many instances, the legends have already been translated. Thus, simultaneous reproduction in dozens of countries creates a real money-making industry, which explains the power that until now has enabled publishers to emerge victorious from the campaigns waged against them. . . .

"However, the time has come for the anti-comic-book campaigners to put an effective check on such unfair practices. Let's see, briefly, how the problem is being dealt with in some countries and how a concerted suppressive action . . . is justified. . . .

"Professor Einar Lofstedt of Sweden . . . has suggested a 'Nobel Prize for Children's Literature,' to encourage authors to write good stories for young people, . . . for the comic-book plague has already invaded the venerable Swedish society. . . .

"The large-scale publishers of children's stories are in the United States. . . . Thus, along with Washington Irving and Mark Twain have come Captain Marvel, Mandrake, and an assortment of undersea princes, batmen, and supermen.

". . . In that same North American society, teachers, psychologists, and others responsible for the younger generation have fought against this misfortune. . . . The psychiatrist Gershon Legman made a statistical breakdown. . . , which showed that a city child reads ten to twelve magazines each month and that a picture of violence on every page means that each child will see three hundred illustrations of crimes, strangulations, assaults, and so on, per month. A child who was six years old in 1938 would have absorbed eighteen thousand such pictures by 1950. This . . . would hold almost as true in leading Brazilian cities. Professor Frederic Wertham verified the constant relation of juvenile delinquency and the reading of comic books. . . . Los Angeles, Chicago, and Detroit have already pitched in to battle against these publications with rigorous fines for selling to minors and prohibitively high taxation of those . . . considered detrimental.

"Newspapers reported the horrible murder . . . of the young French student Alain Guayder. When questioned by the police, the killer said he was an avid comic-book reader and had been influenced by them. National indignation was such that President Auriol asked the legislature for . . . authorization to set up a 'watchdog' committee for children's reading matter. . . .

"Agustín Nieto Caballero, writing in *El Tiempo* of Bogotá, under the title 'Reading for Children,' inquires: 'What would nations do if they discovered that . . . their children were being provided a daily dose of poison that would slowly ruin their lives? What we are fighting against is even more serious, because we don't know the antidote.'

"In brief, this campaign's goal . . . is for children and young people to read good books and story magazines. We want the return of classic libraries, of collections like the *Universo*, the *Terramarear*, and others that were the delight of our youth. We want authors like Perrault, Jules Verne, the Grimm brothers, Daniel Defoe, Kipling, Lewis Carroll, Monteiro Lobato, Érico Veríssimo, Antonio Barata, Viriato Correia, and others of the same category. . . ."

oas

FOTO CLASSICS



When four films of Brazil were shown in the U.S. Department of Interior auditorium in Washington under their joint auspices, the Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, João Carlos Muniz, and Mrs. Muniz (center) and Brazilian OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo and Mrs. Lobo met for the viewing. Because production in Portugal is negligible, Brazil constitutes virtually the sole source of Portuguese-language films in the world today. Though pictures were produced there as early as 1903, the movie industry did not come into its own until 1950. Two of the films shown—*Sinhá Moça* (Young Missy) and *O Cangaceiro* (The Bandit)—received awards at the Venice and Cannes festivals, respectively.

In the Hall of the Americas at the Pan American Union, Cuban guitarist Rey de la Torre recently displayed the virtuosity that has made him a top-ranking artist in his field. Born in Havana, he studied guitar in Spain and made his American debut at Town Hall in New York in 1941. He has been heard over the major U.S. radio networks and on concert tours. His PAU program included selections by European and Latin American composers.





At a luncheon given in his honor at the Pan American Union by the OAS Council during his visit to the United States, Foreign Minister Mario A. Esquivel of Costa Rica (left) chatted with Dr. Héctor David Castro, Ambassador of El Salvador to the United States and the OAS. Minister Esquivel spent about two weeks in Washington and New York.



As the exhibition of primitives by the Honduran painter J. Antonio Velásquez (center) opened at the Pan American Union, the artist was greeted by a number of distinguished guests, including four ambassadors to both the United States and the OAS; (from left) Dr. Héctor David Castro of El Salvador; Dr. Rafael Heliodoro Valle of Honduras; Dr. Antonio Facio of Costa Rica; and Lieutenant Colonel José Luis Cruz-Salazar of Guatemala. The bulk of Mr. Velásquez' work is concerned with the small village of San Antonio de Oriente, where he has lived with his wife and six children for over twenty years. A former telegraph operator and now barber at the Pan American Agricultural School in nearby Zamorano, he has faithfully and brilliantly set down on canvas various aspects of his home town.

Before returning to Managua to take up his duties as Nicaraguan Minister of Economy, Dr. Enrique Delgado (center) paid a visit to OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila. He was accompanied by Dr. Jorge Montealegre, Commercial and Financial Counselor at the Nicaraguan Embassy in Washington. Dr. Delgado had been serving in the U.S. capital for several years as an Executive Director of the International Monetary Fund.





books

MEMOIRS BY BRAZILIANS

Afrânio Coutinho

MEMOIRS have become fashionable in Brazil. Until a short time ago, Brazilian writers seemed overly shy of talking about themselves, of revealing their background and the road they had traveled. Because of this aversion to the first person singular, much that they could have told about men, facts, and events they were in contact with has been lost.

The reason for their reticence is probably that, as a young nation, we are not very history-conscious; we have not developed the habit of filing our papers for the benefit of posterity. And the personal records, notes, and documents of a prominent politician or writer are often burned by his family as soon as he dies. Hence the scarcity.

People write memoirs to tell of facts, eras, and personalities with which they have been intimately acquainted. By recording the reaction of a superior mind hypersensitive to events and people, such books make possible a more faithful and penetrating interpretation of them. Obviously, memoirs cannot be written by someone who has nothing to tell, no testimony or interpretation to present; there can be no justification for them unless the facts to be told have some significance, offer some useful message, or give some insight into times and societies. In this field there is no room at all for mediocre minds. Instead of keeping diaries or writing their memoirs, the Brazilians entitled to do so have worked biographical and autobiographical material into their fiction. Personal experience was channeled into novels and short stories and transformed into allegorical or autobiographical fiction, as in the case of Machado de Assis, the greatest of them all.

True, today's memoirs are not without precedent; there was Joaquim Nabuco's classic *Minha Formação* (My Education, 1900). More recently, two other books of the genre had appeared: *Minhas Memórias dos Outros* (People I Remember, 1934-36), by the essayist and historian Rodrigo Otávio, and *Quando Eu Era Vivo* (When I Was Alive, 1942), by Medeiros e Albuquerque, an essayist of catholic interests.

Another precedent, this one of the melancholy my-lost-childhood-and-home-town type, is the *Memórias* (1933) of the novelist and short-story writer Humberto de Campos, who became a convert to spiritualism. This work is steeped in romantic idealism, with an embittered and disillusioned writer's flight from what he regards as reality. There is nothing lyrical, however, about the same author's *Diário Secreto* (Secret Diary, 1954), a posthumous work in which he sourly lashes out from his tomb at colleagues, friends, and enemies after the fashion of a vengeful, angry hag. The historian Gustavo Barroso, who also produced the standard Brazilian translation of *Faust*, published a series of recollections based on his childhood in Ceará State: *Coração de Menino* (A Boy's Heart, 1939), *Liceu do Ceará* (High School in Ceará, 1941), and *Consulado da China* (Chinese Consulate, 1941).

Considering how few and far between these contributions to the genre have been, the contrast in recent years is obvious. Even more significant, the present vogue is not restricted to literary men alone, but has been taken up by politicians and men of action as well. Not only is this interesting as a trend, but such memoirs contain a wealth of historic and social facts from the life of those cities or areas their authors chose to write about. An author thus becomes an authentic protagonist in a novel set against a background of his society or of the events in which he took part. His testimony helps us to appraise facts, to understand events or historical personalities, or to learn about the habits and customs of an area and its social and political evolution.

This is true of Joaquim Pimenta's *Retalhos do Passado* (Remnants of the Past, 1949), whose aim is explained by the subtitle: "Events I Have Witnessed." A native of the Ceará hinterland who spent part of his life in Recife in the first quarter of this century, the author wove his memories into an excellent picture of the political and cultural life of the Brazilian Northeast between Ceará



Afrânio Coutinho, young Brazilian critic and teacher

and Pernambuco States. Like other childhood recollections, this work records teaching theories and methods then prevalent in that area and describes relations between children and adults in its patriarchal civilization during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The book also faithfully mirrors the intellectual and political life there and the author's role in the clash of social ideas in Brazil.

A recent addition to the roster is *Memórias de um Revolucionário* (A Revolutionary's Memoirs, 1953), this one by a military man: João Alberto de Lins e Barros, who has held leading positions in Brazilian politics for thirty years, first as a rebel and later, during the 1930 revolution, as a cabinet member. His book is a lively account of events he has witnessed or taken part in, although it has been said that the author tampered somewhat with history in an attempt at self-aggrandizement—hardly surprising in a man with so many fingers in various pies.

A Rio de Janeiro State politician offers a sensation-hungry reading public a savory dish in his explosive *Memórias de Tenório Cavalcanti* (1954). Mr. Cavalcanti is a living anachronism in that he brings to current politics certain methods of old, such as ambushes and guns, and his memoirs make a bid for a flamboyant place in literary history. Curiously enough, certain politicians still find a favorable reception in these days of law and order when they try to shoot their way to fame.

Other politicians (both northerners) whose memoirs have long been promised are José Augusto, from Rio Grande do Norte, and José Américo de Almeida, from Paraíba. Almeida is not only a politician—a former minister, senator, presidential candidate, and state governor who has played a major role since the 1930 revolution—but also a writer whose novel *A Bagaceira* (1928), about sugar-mill workers, was the first of what has since become known as the "northeastern cycle" in fiction. His autobiography, therefore, is awaited eagerly.

Memoirs by literary men have been abundant in recent years and the future promises a continuing good harvest. We have had *Infância* (Childhood, 1945) and *Memórias do Cárcere* (Memories of Prison, 1953), by the late Graciliano Ramos; *O Galo Branco* (The White Rooster, 1948), by the poet Augusto Frederico Schmidt; *Segredos da Infância* (Childhood Secrets, 1949), by the poet Augusto Meyer; *História da Minha Infância* (Story of My Childhood, 1954), by the versatile Gilberto Amado; *Da Forja à Academia* (From Anvil to Academy, 1954), by the poet and biographer Osvaldo Orico; *Um Homem sem Profissão* (A Man Without an Occupation, 1954), by the poet Oswald de Andrade; and *Itinerário de Passárgada* (1954), by the poet Manuel Bandeira ("Passárgada" is an imaginary country created by the author years ago). In preparation are autobiographies by the literary critic Agripino Grieco, the poet Álvaro Moreyra, and the painter Di Cavalcanti, three men who have participated actively in Brazilian cultural and artistic life during the past fifty years and will have a great deal to tell us about people and events of the period.

Graciliano Ramos' posthumously published *Memórias do Cárcere* has been widely acclaimed by critics and public alike. A record of the author's experiences as a political prisoner during the Vargas regime in the thirties, it has been called "a novelist's greatest novel." More than a mere documentary, it is a great work of art, thanks to its sensitive treatment of the material, its structure, and above all its author's experience, as a writer of fiction, with the whole literary bag of tricks including a skillful use of satire and humor. The qualities that made Ramos the best Brazilian novelist of his generation are all here: the dramatic impact, the pace of his lean, contained style, the sense of tragedy in everyday life. The realism, crudeness, and sincerity of his novels are brought to bear upon the author himself as the main character in the book. As a matter of fact, a constant undercurrent of autobiographical matter runs through his previous books, crystallizing in the volume of childhood memories, *Infância*, in which he implies that his ever-present concern with the problem of justice sprang from the first spanking his father gave him. The somber *Memórias do Cárcere*, a long meditation on human justice inspired by unfair, senseless imprisonment, will continue to occupy a unique place in our literature, for it gives Brazilian letters a Dostoevskian character without precedent and sets an indelible seal on a whole era of our political history.

Gilberto Amado's memoirs were also acclaimed without reserve. Essayist and thinker, novelist and poet, Brazilian representative at international legal meetings, and a notable literary stylist, Amado had nonetheless never produced a book that did justice to his remarkable personality. This genre seems to have offered him the ideal vehicle for the fullest development of his artistic abilities, including his talent as a novelist. Amado in general, and particularly in this book, perfectly embodies that ideal of Matthew Arnold's—prose as the best medium for poetic thought. *História da Minha Infância* is an intensely human and lyrical work with deep undertones of moral interpretation and the natural magic of poetry, but it is also very much like a novel, with its varied personalities, its brilliant psychological insight, its fast-moving plot. Over and above its documentary value—and as a document it is also important—an artist's vision, his interpretation of people, things, and facts come alive in its pages. Such is his power to transfigure reality that his book, like every true work of art, lifts the reader to a plane of myth and symbolism.

Manuel Bandeira's book is different in that its most valuable contribution is to the history of literary ideas. It tells of the author's evolution as a poet, acknowledges

influences, and describes experiences—all valuable in the light of his stature as one of the leading figures in the development of contemporary Brazilian poetry.

Another type of memoir new to Brazilian literature is the "intellectual diary" or fiction writer's notebook. One is promised now by Otávio de Faria, the author of a series of novels under the general title *Tragédia Burguesa* (Bourgeois Tragedy). Some passages of his forthcoming diary have been printed in newspapers. It is an account of the novelist's mind at the job of planning and developing his novels, engaged in a kind of *tête-à-tête* with himself as he analyzes his characters and his plot, somewhat in the manner of Henry James' *Notebooks*.

Thus Brazilian writers are probing deeply into a field they have hitherto neglected. Judging by the samples we have seen so far, our literature will thereby be permanently enriched.

BOOK NOTES

LA POESÍA CHILENA: ORÍGENES Y DESARROLLO DEL SIGLO XVI AL XIX, by Fernando Alegría. Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1954. 311 p. $3.50

The mere mention of the name of Gabriela Mistral or Pablo Neruda—or others of their countrymen—is enough to win general acknowledgment that Chile today offers a rich poetic harvest. But are the works of these contemporary poets flowers blooming in a wilderness, are they the direct outgrowth of French and Spanish seeds, or do they stem from a genuine Chilean poetic tradition reaching back over the centuries?

At the end of the last century, the eminent Spanish critic Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo dismissed all Chilean poetic production up to that time for its mediocrity; while he said it began with a good poet, Ercilla, he claimed him as a Spaniard. Fernando Alegría takes issue with this oft-repeated verdict and, in the present volume, endeavors to show the truly Chilean elements that, along with European influences, provided the starting point for modern Chilean poetry in the works of writers from the colonial period down through the nineteenth century. To do so, he explains, he has had to write a history never written before and re-evaluate a long string of poets and their ideas. Since the book is primarily intended to prove a thesis, it is of interest mainly to those with a professional concern as to whether his point is well taken or not.

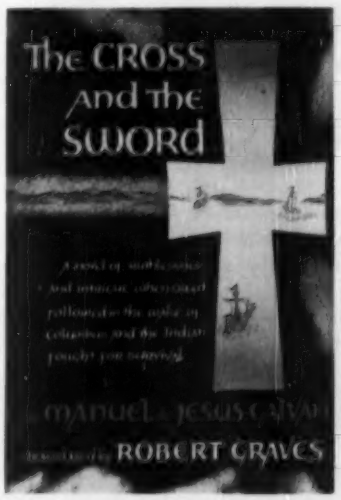
He begins, naturally, with Ercilla's *La Araucana*, discussing the opinions of Spanish, Spanish American, and English critics concerning that classic about the Spanish struggle with the Araucanian Indians before explaining his own view that it represented a new conception of the epic poem, differing from the classical, primitive, and Renaissance models, although using elements of each. At the same time, he finds in *La Araucana* the fundamental epic theme of the Spanish American peoples: the struggle for economic and political freedom against foreign imperialism. This, he says, gives the work renewed meaning today. Turning to Pedro de Oña, Alegría admits the failure of his attempts at the epic form, but cites him as the first truly lyric writer in Chile. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Chilean versifiers lost all contact with the people, he confesses, and wasted their time in vain metrical acrobatics. But from the people themselves arose new popular troubadours who vied in witty spontaneous duels in verse, which Mr. Alegría described in "Chilean Troubadours," for the August 1953 issue of AMERICAS.

The volume traces Chilean poetry through the days of the war for independence and on to the nineteenth century. The poetry of that century, the author finds, is generally arbitrarily divided into isolated periods and movements, but he tries to fit the influence of Lastarria, Sarmiento, Bello, José Joaquín de Mora, and others into a coherent whole as part of a continuing revolution in literature, education, and thought. Later chapters deal with problems of romanticism and modernism as revealed in the works of Salvador Sanfuentes, Guillermo Matta, Guillermo Blest Gana, José Antonio Soffia, Eusebio Lillo, Arteaga Alemparte, and Eduardo de la Barra. All along the way, Mr. Alegría makes digressions into matters of political, economic, and social history, for he does not trust the official chroniclers of Chile's national life.

The author intends to continue the story in another volume on contemporary Chilean poetry. For its subject matter and the quality of poets represented, it should prove of wider appeal than the present study.—*G. C. C.*

THE CROSS AND THE SWORD, by Manuel de Jesús Galván, translated from the Spanish by Robert Graves. Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1954. 366 p. $3.75

This translation of the nineteenth-century Dominican classic *Enriquillo* is the first volume published in English of a series, sponsored jointly by the OAS and UNESCO, designed to make outstanding works of Latin American literature known among English- and French-speaking readers. The program dates back to a resolution passed



by the UN General Assembly in December 1945, which urged the translation and dissemination of the world's

great books. The subject of Latin American books was considered at a UNESCO Committee of Experts meeting in 1949, but not until 1953 was the present joint arrangement reached, under which all Latin American matters are coordinated through the PAU Division of Philosophy, Letters, and Sciences. Specifically, the OAS is responsible for preparing "a list of works . . . whose translation into English and French is held desirable, . . . and indicating which works are to be translated into English, which into French, and which into both languages"; for providing the original Spanish and Portuguese texts; and for arranging for U.S. publication of the English versions. Publication of the same works in other English-speaking countries and translation into French are the concern of UNESCO (several volumes have already been published in French). The program, effective for three years and then renewable, is financed by the two parties, but governments and private institutions are invited to cooperate. *Enriquillo* was the only novel of Galván, whose other writings were on the political and juridical questions to which his career was devoted, but it is the work on which his considerable literary reputation is based. It deals with a curious incident in the early history of Hispaniola—the revolt of Enriquillo, a young native chief brought up as a Spanish gentleman, against colonial injustice, the fifteen-year armed rebellion carried on by him and his Indian followers, and their eventual unique victory in 1533, when Charles V granted Enriquillo the right to choose a region in which he and his vassals could settle independently. The Dominican scholar Max Henríquez Ureña describes the book in his preface as "the best novel produced by the 'Indianist' movement . . . in Spanish America," and its translator, the distinguished English novelist and poet Robert Graves, believes that despite certain blemishes it "deserves to become a classic among the English-speaking peoples." Two more volumes in the series are now in press: *Anthology of Mexican Poetry* and *Selected Writings of José Martí*. Others have been chosen, and two—*The Last Days of the Colonial Empire in Upper Peru*, by the Bolivian historian Gabriel René Moreno, and *Tabaré*, by the Uruguayan poet Juan Zorilla de San Martín—have been translated and await publication.

AMERICAN INCOME AND ITS USE, by Elizabeth E. Hoyt, Margaret G. Reid, Joseph L. McConnell, and Janet M. Hooks, with commentary by Walter G. Muelder. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1954. 362 p. $4.00

"Within the lifetime of men not yet sixty, the purchasing power of American [i.e., U.S.] income has doubled twice." Which immediately raises the question, How is it spent? and, for those of a speculative turn of mind, the further question, Is this the best possible way of spending it? The authors of this book—all economists connected with U.S. universities—lay no claim to solving the crucial second problem, but they attempt, by throwing light on certain aspects of the first, to present the information without which no real solution can be found. Learning to deal with a society of abundance is something entirely new, and the great teachers of the past are of little help; living in a world of widespread poverty with a few rich men dotted conspicuously about the landscape, they generally condemned wealth as the enemy of spiritual growth. Nor is the old U.S. ideal of thrift, valid enough in the days when the country was straining after the means of production, tenable in a society where beyond a certain point frugality can cause the economic system to break down. Like it or not, the problem is not one of rejecting abundance but of using it wisely—which requires just as much soul-searching. Of concern at the moment primarily to the United States, where the per capita real income is almost twice that of the nearest contender, it must also be faced by other nations as they move toward comparable technological civilizations.

In Part One, Miss Hoyt describes the issues involved in the ethics of consumption: how much responsibility for good use of wealth should rest with the individual and how much with society at large; the problems of technology, whose "main effect," despite its boast that it frees man for higher things, "is to emphasize itself"; the concept of welfare in its new and broader sense, which includes not only what people need physically but also what they need to feel socially adequate and what they need for the fullest development of their capabilities; and personal responsibility to the wider community.

Part Two deals with income and consumption distribution in the United States, making the point that in recent years it has tended toward greater equality (and yet, because of rising standards, the proportion of the population regarded as living in poverty remains fairly constant). With all her tables and figures, however, Miss Reid has so much of the economist's unwillingness to commit herself that the lay reader is likely to decide it all boils down to nothing more than "the higher your income, the better off you are."

Mr. McConnell and Miss Hooks, in Part Three, discuss groups "left out" by the impact of industrialization on family structure: large families of children, mothers and children in broken homes, and the aged, who in older societies would have been more productive and when dependent would have been cared for by their relatives.

In the final commentary, Dean Muelder of the Boston University School of Theology ties the subject down to Christian ethics. Unfortunately the highly significant material contained in the book is buried under the jargon social-science professors prefer to English, and the proofreading is so bad in spots that facts considered important enough to deserve tables are reduced to nonsense. *American Income and Its Use* is the fourth volume in the Series on the Ethics and Economics of Society undertaken by the Federal Council of Churches.—*B. W.*

Answers to Quiz on page 46

(1) Honduras. (2) True. (3) Coffee. (4) Copper. (5) Argentina and Uruguay. (6) Venezuela (the U.S. is first; U.S.S.R. third; Iran and Saudi Arabia, fourth and fifth, respectively). (7) Bolivia. (8) Uruguay. (9) Sugar. (10) Peru.

EMBASSY ROW



Ambassador José Luis Cruz Salazar arrived in Washington as Guatemalan envoy to the United States in August 1954, and in October was appointed to represent his country on the OAS Council also. A lieutenant colonel in the regular army, the youthful Ambassador began his military training in 1938 at the Polytechnic School in Guatemala City, where he later served as professor. He has been chief of the intelligence service of the General Staff, and until mid-1954 was with the Ministry of National Defense. In 1947 he made his first visit to the United States to attend a course at the Army Information School in Pennsylvania. Ambassador Cruz Salazar is an outstanding athlete and has won many prizes, capped by the Army Medal of Merit in Sports, First Class. He is a chess fan, and at social gatherings likes to play the guitar and sing.



The Ambassador's daughters—Bárbara Lisette (left), Elsie (right), and five-year-old Ana Cristina —make a report to their father on their progress at school, where all three are taking their first English lessons.



Mrs. Hortensia Blanchard de Cruz Salazar with her two elder daughters: Elsie, who is nine and retiring like her mother, and lively Bárbara Lisette, eight. Mrs. Cruz Salazar shares her husband's enthusiasm for sports.

Three-year-old Juan Luis, cheered on by his mother and sisters, tries out a pair of opera glasses. Little "Bicho" had not been long in Washington before he became addicted to television Westerns, and he now has a cowboy suit of his own.





The Embassy is on one of the quiet, tree-shaded streets near Dupont Circle.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' EXPORTS?

(based on latest available figures)

Answers on page 44



1. Which Central American republic, recently inundated by floods, is the Hemisphere's largest exporter of bananas?



2. Ecuadoreans drying cacao on the streets of Guayaquil. It is their country's number one export item. True or false?



3. The product of these berries accounted for over 60 per cent of the total individual exports in 1953 of El Salvador, Colombia, Guatemala, Brazil (where frosts in 1954 seriously damaged crops), and Haiti. What is it?



4. A mineral mined in Chile, as at this open pit at Chuquicamata, accounts for 56 per cent of the country's total exports. Is it iron, bauxite, copper, or nitrate?



5. Prime beef is shipped from ——— and ———. Fill in blanks with the names of two Latin American nations where it is a leading export.



6. Do you know the name of the American republic that is the world's second largest single producer of petroleum?



7. In what South American country would you say the chief industry is the mining of tin, which heads its export list?



8. Wool makes up 47 per cent of the total exports of the smallest South American republic. Is it El Salvador, Chile, Ecuador, or Uruguay?



9. The side of this railway car opens to dump a product that represents 84 per cent of the total exports of Cuba. It is then conveyed on carriers to grinding apparatus. Do you know what it is?



10. Cotton on lighters is loaded aboard ship as leading agricultural export of land that has been the starting point of several trans-Pacific raft expeditions, including the voyage of the Kon-Tiki. Can you name it?

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT

Dear Sirs:

Your periodical AMERICAS has impressed me very much by its efforts as the voice of the Pan American Union to improve relations between the Americas. . . . In my brief contacts with Latin American physicians, they have appeared to be a sincere group of ambitious practitioners faced with tremendous health problems of various types. They seemed to be doing well in meeting their problems, but there is still a great need for exchange of more ideas between them and the physicians of the United States. They have solved some problems we are now struggling with and we have long ago settled some things that are live issues with them, especially at the local level. It seems to me that we need more contact between individual physicians. I personally would welcome a visit from a Latin physician and would be glad to show him medicine as it is practiced in my community. I would also enjoy visiting a community in Latin America and observing medicine as practiced there. There is much to be gained by observing the details of any phase of medicine, and a wide-scale plan of such exchange of information between the Americas would do much to improve our mutual understanding. I would welcome comment and suggestions from your readers and any interested physicians.

Eugene H. Crawley, M.D.
6 Point Circle
Little Rock, Arkansas

PRAISE FOR THE POETS

Dear Sirs:

I heartily congratulate AMERICAS on the Special Poetry Issue (September 1954). It represents a contribution of high literary value that should be brought to the attention of all the intellectuals of America. Since the Eastern Hemisphere takes such pride in its bards, we of the New World should boast of our great poets too.

"Five Voices of Spanish America" is the article of greatest interest to Latin American readers, inasmuch as it points up the achievements of our poets, whose lyricism represents the very soul of our peoples.

I agree with Muna Lee, in her article "Translating the Untranslatable," that if the original form of a verse is altered, it becomes shallow and meaningless. In order to really enjoy the lyric quality of poetry, one must read it in the original.

My knowledge of Brazilian literature is scant, but after reading "The Sardonic Brazilians," I have developed an appreciation of their poets. Their works are expressive, perceptive, and a real contribution from our sister nation to the progress of poetry.

We all owe an extra vote of thanks to the international publication AMERICAS for bringing us such excellent literary, historical, and philosophical articles. I'm sure the seeds have fallen on fertile ground.

Hugo Rudy Miranda Noya
Camiri, Bolivia

OLÉ

Dear Sirs:

...Being an ardent bullfight fan, I found Héctor Velarde's "Bullfight in Chicago" [September 1954 English AMERICAS] a particularly clever and amusing short story.

Rhoda Lee Witkoff
Bronx, N.Y.

THE FACTS, MA'AM

Dear Sirs:

"Room Service in Patagonia" in the November English AMERICAS was, in my opinion, the best you ever printed. I get tired of reading "flossy" articles about old ruins and art. There must be a lot of people like myself who intend to travel throughout the Americas some day and would like to know exactly what they can expect—in food, lodging, prices, transportation, climate, etc. In other words, "We want the facts, ma'am," as they say in *Dragnet*.

Claude P. Peters
Los Angeles, California

WHO'S AMERICAN?

Dear Sirs:

As I read the letter by José M. Debanne of Argentina in the December issue, I thought of how many times I've heard and read this same meaningless argument about the term "American" versus "North American."

In Canada, in Mexico, in France, the word "American" means a citizen of the U.S.A. and is instantly recognized as such. Brazilians call themselves *brasileiros*, Canadians call themselves *Canadians*, and so it goes.

I recall one priceless editorial in which the editor of a certain paper in a foreign land complained of the Americans of the U.S.A. calling themselves "Americans." Twice in that very editorial, he referred to us as "Americans," while deploring our tendency to adopt the name for the citizens of the U.S.A. Whatever the apparent logic of the argument, at this late stage of history "American" means a citizen of the U.S.A. and nothing else.

American
Chicago, Illinois

FROM SPAIN ONLY

Dear Sirs:

I am a U.S. newspaperwoman and writer, thirty-two years old, single, and am planning to visit and work in Spain. Before leaving Honolulu I should like to correspond with mature people in Spain in either English or Spanish, and promise to answer all letters. Won't you advise your readers so that I can secure first-hand information about that country?

Dorothy Gale
2476 A-1 Cleghorn St.
Honolulu, Hawaii

HELP!

Dear Sirs:

I would like to enlist your assistance in a project that I have been working on for some time. I am preparing a biography of the late Dr. Leo Stanton Rowe, Director General of the Pan American Union from 1920 to 1946, and I would appreciate it very much if any AMERICAS readers with knowledge of correspondence or other material concerning his life and work would contact me at their earliest convenience.

Gustav A. Sallas
510 21st St., N.W.
Washington 6, D.C.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

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voyage of the Kon-Tiki. Can you name it?



CONTRIBUTORS



As associate editor of *Harper's Magazine* since 1946, ERIC LARRABEE is well qualified to discuss his late boss, Frederick Lewis Allen, in "The Man Behind *Harper's*." Born in Melrose, Massachusetts, thirty-two years ago, Mr. Larrabee was an exchange student under an International Schoolboy Fellowship to Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, England, during 1937-38. A graduate of Harvard, where he was secretary of the *Lampoon*, he enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army in 1942 and was discharged as a second lieutenant after service in Europe. Mr. Larrabee contributes to a number of leading U.S. publications. In 1952 he was a member of the Carnegie Corporation reconnaissance team to Africa. He is also an associate in the Columbia University Seminar on American Civilization and secretary of the American Civilization Committee of the American Council of Learned Societies.



Prior to 1932, when a passing heart difficulty forced Texas-born MICHAEL SCULLY to leave New York for the U.S. Southwest, he had worked on the staff of Hearst magazines and had written a number of articles for *The New Yorker* on the side. The location of his new home sparked an interest in Latin America—Mexico, specifically, at that time; since then, he has written dozens of articles in that field and has lived in Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago, Lima, and Guatemala City. "São Paulo's Mackenzie U." is the latest report to come from his ceaseless wanderings throughout the Hemisphere.



"From Chilean Vineyards" is an account by JULIO LANZAROTTI of his country's wine industry. The delights of the grape is a typical subject for this writer-editor, who concerns himself with every aspect of the "long land." Mr. Lanzarotti laid aside his original plans to become a lawyer when he joined the staff of the Santiago weekly *Ercilla* as a reporter. Today he is director of the magazine, which is noted for the excellence of its articles on ballet, theater, and art, among other things. He is married to the actress Coca Melnick of the Teatro Experimental in Santiago, and has traveled extensively in South America.

Between 1949 and 1952, when she worked for the Instituto Bacteriológico in her native Santiago, Chile, as a translator of English, French, and German medical papers, AMERICAS Assistant Editor LILLIAN L. DE TAGLE developed an interest in medicine. As a result, she found many old friends among the Chilean physicians who attended the Second World Congress of Cardiology, held recently in Washington. "The Battle for Your Heart" was written with their help and represents Mrs. de Tagle's final contribution to AMERICAS as a member of the editorial staff. She leaves Washington after her forthcoming marriage to become a resident of Chattanooga, Tennessee.



ERMILO ABREU GÓMEZ, author of the short story for this month, "Who's Crazy?", is one of Mexico's most distinguished writers. Born in Mérida, Yucatan, he was educated in his home town and in Puebla. After graduating from the Teachers' Institute in Mexico City, he became head of the capital's municipal archives. Dr. Abreu was at one time chief of the League of Nations section in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and has been a professor of literature in Mexico. A literary critic of the weekly review *Ilustrado*, he also contributes to the monthly *Letras de México*. His books include a number on history, theater, and literature; the short story collections *Juan Pirulero* and *Canek;* and the novels *Tato Lobo* and *Naufragio de Indios*. The first volume of his memoirs, *La del Alba Sería . . . .*, has recently appeared. Now at the Pan American Union, Dr. Abreu is editor of the Latin American Fundamental Education Press. The illustrations for Dr. Abreu's story are by the Spanish-born artist MARTÍN DURBÁN, who now lives in Venezuela, where he is art director of the Central University magazine *Cultura Universitaria*.



When ROBERT A. LEVEY went out with the Peruvian *choro* fishermen to gather the material for "Diving for Dinner," he says, "it was the roughest trip I ever encountered." He served with the U.S. Army field artillery from 1941 to 1945 and wrote the history of his army unit when the war ended in Europe. Educated at Boston University, he has been a correspondent for the Hearst newspapers. In 1950 he went to Peru, where he studied Spanish intensively at the University of San Marcos in Lima. He has written many articles on Latin American life—medicine, agriculture, economics, and so on—and lives in Swampscott, Massachusetts. The illustrations for his article are by A. BROCKIE STEVENSON, who carried out several assignments for *Life* magazine during World War II and is now painting murals in Lima.

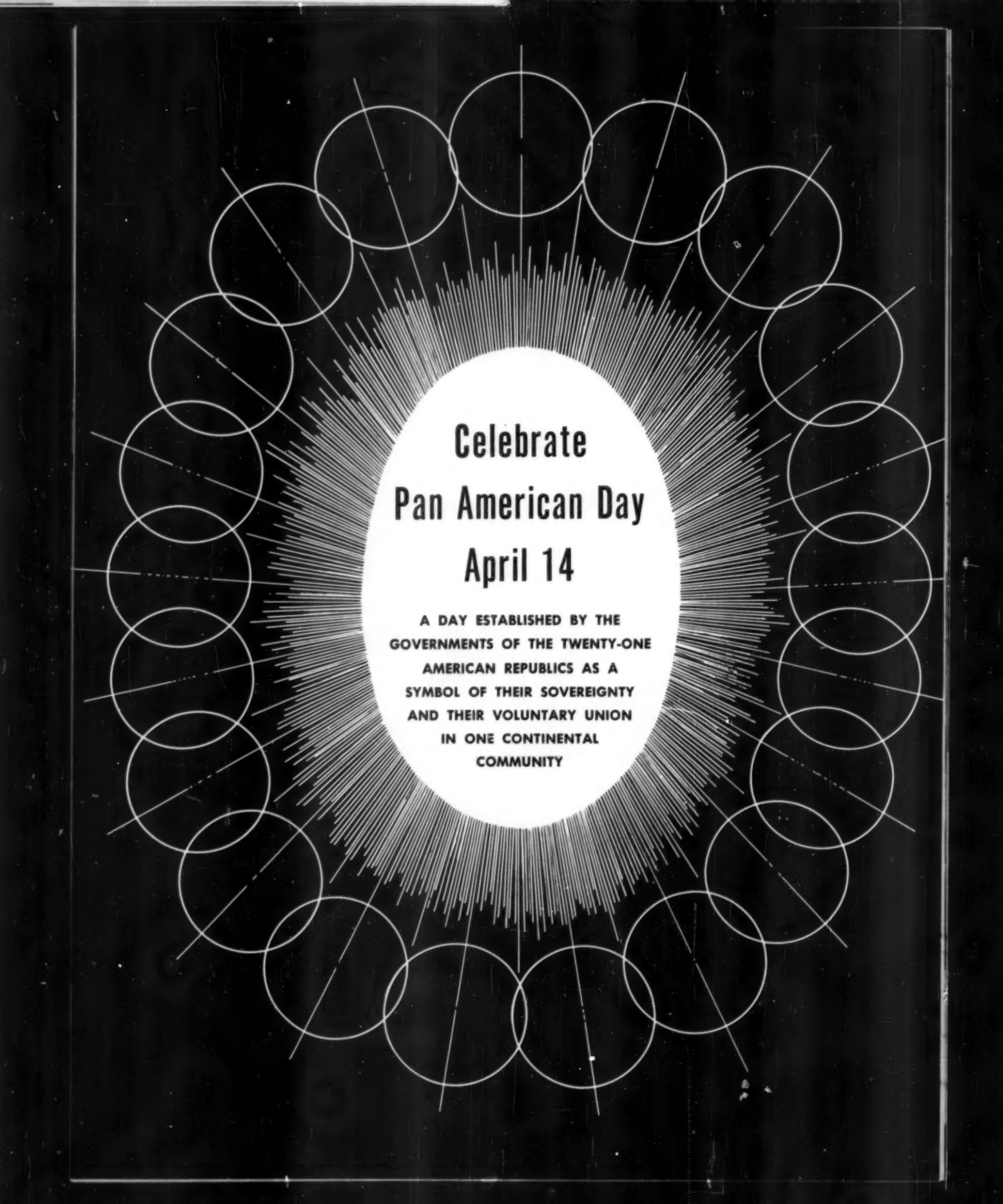
In the book section, the young Brazilian journalist AFRÂNIO COUTINHO, who teaches literature at the Pedro II School in Rio, discusses "Memoirs by Brazilians."

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, and in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.

Opposite: Balsa *on Lake Titicaca is made from local reeds*


Celebrate
Pan American Day
April 14
A DAY ESTABLISHED BY THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE TWENTY-ONE AMERICAN REPUBLICS AS A SYMBOL OF THEIR SOVEREIGNTY AND THEIR VOLUNTARY UNION IN ONE CONTINENTAL COMMUNITY